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No. 177.

## LOOKING BACK.

BY JOHNNIE DARR.

Floating down old Time's swift river,  
Glancing onward o'er the track,  
Evening sunset finds me looking back,  
Often sadly looking back.  
And I see a blue-eyed maiden,  
With her hair a golden hue,  
Waiting for me at the falling  
Of the early summer dew.  
Then the vision slowly passes  
As I reach my hand to save,  
And another rises slowly—  
'Tis a maiden's lonely grave.  
Now I see my home of childhood,  
And my mother's angel face,  
And my tears are sadly falling  
As I see the dear old place.  
Then again the vision changes,  
The old homestead is no more,  
But a stately mansion rises  
Where the old house stood of yore.  
All is changed; not one slight token  
Of the days now gone and past,  
Comes to cheer me as I'm floating  
Swiftly down toward the last.  
For I see them as I knew them  
In the days forever gone,  
Nothing now is left but Memory—  
I am floating all alone!

## Dashing Dick:

OR,

## TRAPPER TOM'S CASTLE.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "OLD HERRICK," "HAWKEYE HARRY,"  
"BOY SPY," "IRONIDES, THE SCOUT," "DEATH-  
NOTCH, THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A FRIEND IN NEED.

TRAPPER TOM grasped the vines that the unknown had placed in his hands, with that desperation that a drowning man grasps at the least thing which will offer him assistance. The next moment the rope that encircled his ankle was cut and his feet carefully lowered to a narrow ledge entirely concealed from the basilisk eyes above by the deep shadows of the overhanging vines and foliage.

The moment, however, that the rope swung back over the rift without its weight, a yell of baffled rage burst from the lips of the savages. This was immediately succeeded by the sound of excited voices and hurrying feet.

"Take it easy, Trapper Tom," said the unknown friend; "the red-skins will hardly get down here before you can get the blood started aright and ready to flee."

"Wal, really—wal," stammered the old trapper, rubbing his eyes; "I'll swar it blurred my optics more or less, stranger—it weren't a pleasant posish, I'll warrant ye."

"I presume not," replied the stranger, whose clear, musical voice denoted his youth.

"Now, stranger, if you'll just lead the way, I'll follow you outen this valley and shadder. I swar I've no liken for the spot, but ten to one you see'd my flyin' trapeze performance."

"To be sure I did. Fortunately I happened here a few minutes before you jumped from the log," replied the unknown, who, leading the way, soon piloted the old trapper from the gorge into the woods.

Trapper Tom now took the lead, and the two proceeded toward that point on Clear Lake from whence the trapper desired to embark for his Castle.

It required but a few minutes' walk to bring them to the margin of the little lake.

They paused where the moonbeams fell full upon them.

Trapper Tom now turned to his companion. "Blast my ole picters if it ain't Harry Herbert, the boy hunter!" burst from his lips in astonishment when he recognized the face of his companion.

"Yes, Tom, and I presume you'd have recognized me ere this had your head not been turned upside down in the chasm," responded the youth.

Harry Herbert was a lad not over twenty years of age, and but for the dark, silken mustache that shaded his mouth he would have appeared much younger. He was small in stature, but well-built. His eyes were dark and beaming with a bright, jovial and fearless expression. Short, dark ringlets clustered about a fine-pointed head that was covered with a mink-skin cap. In features he was handsome, although his face and hands were tanned by sun and wind to a nut-brown; and there was an air about him that told of more than the usual culture among bordermen.

Harry Herbert was represented to be a cousin of Pauline Winslow, and the truthfulness of the fact was manifest in the great family resemblance between the two.

"Wal, younker," said Trapper Tom, after they had conversed for a few minutes, "you done me a good turn to-night, and—"

"Yes, I presume so, when I turned your heels below your head," interrupted Harry.

Trapper Tom indulged in a low, silent laugh.

"Edzactly, Harry, edzactly," he at length replied; "and as one good turn deserves another, suppose you turn in with me at Lake Castle and spend the night."

"I'll be only too happy to do so, if you will warrant my safety from your spirits."

"I'll do that, lad. Polly Winslow shan't be cheated outen her boy-lover while Trapper Tom's head's level. No, sir! She's a glorious gal, and that's scores of young fellers that'd give their very souls for her; but that's neither here nor there, so let's set sail for the Castle."

As he concluded, he proceeded to launch a canoe which he had concealed hard by. This done, they entered the craft and seated themselves, and the next moment they were gliding across the waters toward the Castle.

They were out about a hundred yards from shore when suddenly a voice rung out over the lake with startling distinctness.

"Ho, there, Trapper Tom!" it called. "For



They were out about a hundred yards from shore, when a voice rung out over the lake with startling distinctness.

God's sake permit me to lodge at Lake Castle to-night again."

The old borderman ceased paddling. The voice was familiar to him. It was that of Dashing Dick, the hunter.

"By the shades of purgatory!" exclaimed the trapper, "it's Dashing Dick, and his presence recalls to my bemuddled brain the fact that I see'd him and Polly Winslow flee'n' from some o' Red Falcon's savages, not three hours ago."

"Is this possible?" exclaimed Harry, manifesting great surprise.

"Yes, and it may be Polly's with him now. If not, she's fallen into the power of the cursed devils."

"Then for Heaven's sake paddle back, and let us know at once where she is."

Trapper Tom headed the canoe shoreward. A few vigorous strokes of the paddle carried it to the beach where Dick was standing.

Another moment and the young hunter was aboard the craft.

"Where is Polly, Dick, where is Polly?" Tom hastened to inquire, seeing he was alone; "I see'd you and her to-night ridin' like the de'il to git away from a pack o' Ingins."

"You stood at the margin of the wood where—"

"Yes, whar you left the prairie. Where is she?"

"God only knows. She disappeared from her animal's back while we were fleeing through the woods. She rode at my side, and how and when she escaped I am unable to say, for her horse kept right on, all the time, alongside of mine. The darkness prevented my noting her disappearance until I found myself surrounded by a pack of savages, from whom I narrowly escaped with my own life and the loss of my horse."

A sigh escaped the lips of Harry Herbert, while old Tom groaned aloud.

"What's to be done?" the latter asked.

"I know not," replied Dick, "for even now the savages are swarming through the woods in search of me, and to tarry here will be sure death, for I know—"

He did not finish the sentence. There was a quick rush of moccasined feet. Half a dozen dusky figures glided from the shadows of the woods, rushed down into the water and seized the canoe, while, at the same time, a wild yell thrilled out upon the air.

"Ho, demons are upon us!" roared old Tom, springing to his feet and swinging aloft the heavy oaken paddle; "up and into 'em, boys—lay on with a vim! Our lives depend on our nerves. Ho, thar, ye red hellyon! take that, and that, and—"

Here his voice was drowned in the wild confusion of the battle, that now became terrible.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE CONFLICT.

THE forest around Clear Lake became resonant with the din of the conflict. Trapper

Tom, Dashing Dick and Harry Herbert on the one side and the six savages on the other!

The latter made no attempt to slay the whites. Their capture alive seemed to be the sole object of the attack.

Harry Herbert, whipping out a small revolver, opened fire with telling effect, while old Tom stood erect with his heavy paddle, which he used with great skill and success upon the tufted skulls of his adversaries.

The latter struggled hard to upset the canoe, hoping thereby to throw the whites off their guard, and while struggling with the waves, gain a bloodless victory. They were armed with short clubs, but the position of our friends, and the desperate resistance they made, prevented them from inflicting any serious blows with the cudgels; and in less than two minutes from the beginning of the attack, those of the red-skins that were not killed outright beat a hasty retreat into the woods, leaving the three white men masters of the situation.

Shout after shout pealed in thunderous notes from the iron lungs of old Tom, heralding their triumph.

When he had thus given expression to his feelings, he again seated himself and put the boat in motion, heading, the second time, for Lake Castle.

"By Heaven, that was a lively bit of sport, boys!" was the first remark of Dashing Dick.

"Yes; and had the varlets not been so determined on takin' us alive, they might have got our skulls without losin' a man," replied old Tom.

"You think, then," said Harry, "that they wanted to take us alive?"

"Sartinly. I understand Red Falcon has offered a king's ransom for myself, alive and in good condition," replied the trapper; "and them devils at the creek to-night come purty nigh gittin' me, too—they would if it hadn't been for you, Harry."

"And the panther," added the boy hunter.

"Hullo! what does that mean, Trapper Tom?" suddenly exclaimed Dashing Dick, pointing away toward the eastern shore.

All eyes were at once turned in the direction indicated, and they saw a dull red light in the timber. It was stationary, but even while pondering over its import, it began moving along the lake-shore toward the north, at a rapid speed, rising and falling as it went, as if borne upon a tossing wave.

Trapper Tom ceased paddling and watched it with a silent interest that denoted his intense curiosity and wonderment. Harry Herbert watched his face and that of Dashing Dick also. He saw that both were equally puzzled by the mysterious light, when Dick turned and fixed a strange, interrogative look upon him.

The light continued to move on around the edge of the lake, until it had reached the north side. Then it stopped, and coming down to the water's edge, made a few rapid oscillations and burst into a flame. A few minutes later it

seemed to be moving out upon the surface of the water toward Lake Castle. This our friends discovered was really the case. It appeared to be drifting before the wind, which was blowing gently from that direction, and when it had reached a point well out upon the lake, the watchers saw that the light was attached to a canoe which contained no occupant, but which was being carried toward the Castle by the force of the wind.

"Devilish queer!" muttered Trapper Tom, in a tone that told he was puzzled.

"It is, indeed," replied Dick, and he stole another glance at Harry, upon whose face he detected the shadow of a smile.

"It's my opinion it's some signal, or decoy," declared Tom.

"Very likely, Trapper Tom," responded Dick.

"I hardly believe it, boys," added Harry Herbert; "some of Tom's hunter friends are endeavoring to perpetrate a joke on him."

"Nay, nay, lad; you and Dick are all the hunters thar is in twenty miles o' here. I tell you thar's sumthin' up, and I'm in fur investigatin' the matter. The canoe will soon drift hereaway if we'd wait on it, but we can facilitate business by goin' to meet it."

His companions entering no protest against his course in the matter, the old trapper at once headed toward the strange craft. When within a few rods of it, and directly to the windward, Tom ceased paddling, and in a few minutes more the craft drifted within reach of his paddle. Reaching out, he drew it alongside of their boat.

The light in the boat was still burning. It was a kind of a torch, made of a bundle of dry sticks, and fastened on the thwart of the boat by means of a strip of green bark. Upon the same seat within the uncertain glow of the torch lay a number of sticks, which had evidently been but very recently cut. Four of these sticks were of the red willow, and among these lay a fifth one, which had been made perfectly white by peeling the bark from it.

"Thar, by the shades o' Tophet!" exclaimed Trapper Tom, "what did I tell you, boys? Who says that that light and them sticks ain't tended for sumthin' or other? Four red ones and one white one. Are we in danger? Are these a mute warnin' to us—a silent message meanin' that we're in danger o' four red and one white enemy?"

A momentary excitement agitated the minds of the little party, for Trapper Tom's interpretation of the matter in question impressed itself upon them as being the actual fact itself. They were in danger from five enemies, four red and one white.

"But where can these five enemies be? Surely not in Lake Castle," said Harry Herbert, giving free expression to his thoughts.

"Nay, nay, Harry," responded Trapper Tom, "they're not in Lake Castle, that I'll stand good for. But it means sumthin', that's sartin, and so here goes for the Castle."

He tacked about and pushed for his strong-

hold, permitting the strange canoe to continue adrift. Two minutes' paddling brought the trio to alongside of the landing in front of the Castle door.

A landing was soon effected and the canoe tied up. Then Trapper Tom turned, and, having examined the door to see that it had not been tampered with, he proceeded to unlock and open it. This was all soon accomplished, and Tom entered the Castle, followed by Dick and Harry.

It was dark as pitch within the apartment, but Tom removed the ashes from some coals that he had covered on the hearth, and piling some dry fuel upon them, soon had a cheery fire burning.

As the ruddy light pervaded the room, old Tom glanced carefully around the apartment, to see that every thing was as he left it. Dashing Dick watched every movement of his eyes, and, when the trapper had announced every thing in order, something like an expression of relief passed over the young hunter's face, for the secret of the torch and the sticks must have impressed him with the belief that those five enemies were in the Castle.

"Quite an impregnable fortress, Trapper Tom," said young Herbert, glancing around the room with an eye of admiration.

"It's a poser to the red-skins, Harry," responded Tom, "and because they can't take it, they go off and slander me by sayin' the place is haunted. Bah, the red fools!"

"Boys," said Dashing Dick, throwing himself upon a pallet of furs at one side, "I acknowledge the strength of the Castle, and my present security makes me feel like a coward when my mind reverts to the unknown fate of Pauline Winslow."

"Tut! tut!" ejaculated Trapper Tom; "who's here in this crowd that believes Dashing Dick, the hunter, to be a coward? Not ole Tom Strothers, by a long shot. Thar's not a doubt but you are oneasy 'bout Polly, but so'm I, and Harry, here, too," and a mischievous smile flitted across the face of the speaker, for he knew his two guests were rivals for the hand of Miss Winslow.

Dick now gave a full account of his and Pauline's adventure from the time they left Prairie View up to the time of their meeting by the lake, and from this Trapper Tom formed an opinion that the maiden had been captured by the savages, and so the three resolved to set out in search for her the following morning.

This matter being settled, the master of the Castle began the preparation of something to eat, for his appetite had been sharpened by a day's fasting and a night's adventures.

Dick stretched himself in an attitude of repose upon the pallet, while Harry seated himself in one corner and in silence watched Tom at his work.

Dick was now afforded the first opportunity of scanning his young rival's features and the very peculiar garb he wore. He saw that he was quite youthful in appearance, and his bronzed face bore such a striking resemblance to that of his cousin, Pauline, that the young hunter tried to console himself with the fancied belief that he was in her presence. But the muscular limbs, the swelling chest, the silken mustache and bronzed features of the young man would not admit of this, but impressed him—Dick—more fully with the stern fact that in Harry Herbert he had a formidable rival so far as personal looks were concerned.

Harry became conscious of the gaze fixed upon him by Dashing Dick, and, as if to avert the menacing power of his dark-gray eyes, he turned slightly on his seat and opened a conversation with Trapper Tom.

Presently he arose and went out onto the platform, closing the door after him.

Tom went on with his work, and, when supper was at last made ready, Harry was still out. The old trapper went to the door and called him.

There was no response.

"What can he be?" muttered Tom, and, followed by Dick, he went out to look for him.

To their surprise they found he was nowhere about. He was gone, and the manner of his departure was enshrouded in a mystery to them, for the canoe—the only one about—in which they had come over to the Castle still lay exactly where they had left it.

Believing, however, that the young hunter would soon make his appearance, the two went back into the Castle, and seating themselves at the rude table, partook of their supper in silence.

Half an hour passed by and Harry did not return. Dick finally came to the conclusion that he would go ashore and see if he could find some trace of the missing youth there. Tom was opposed to this, but the young hunter laughed away his objections, and, going out, he sprang into the canoe moored alongside of the platform and pulled out into the lake.

Tom watched him a moment, then, closing the door, he seated himself before the fire and indulged in a train of reflections. He passed over in memory the terrible adventures through which he had passed that night, and, when he remembered by whose hand he had been rescued from a terrible death in the chasm, his spirit became aroused, and it seemed as though he, too, ought to go in search of Harry, who might then be in trouble. But this he could not do now, for Dick had taken away his only canoe. Then he wondered why Harry had gone away, and how, and why Dick manifested such great uneasiness about him. Surely there was something singular about it all.

He at length arose, and crossing the room, threw himself upon his pallet of furs. Here, with his elbow resting upon the couch, and his face upon his palm, he soon sunk into a kind of mental stupor.

His eyes are now fixed upon the sand-floor before him. They are possessed of that vacant light so peculiar to the eye when the mind is growing sluggish with drowsiness, or when the thoughts are far away. His facial muscles relax into an expressionless gravity.

But this inertness lasted only for a minute. The brows of the trapper suddenly became



arched. The pupil of his eyes dilate, and some great and sudden emotion sends a thrill through his whole frame.

He sees a slight upheaval of the sand near the edge of his couch. He feels a slight movement under him.

Something possessed of life is buried there under the dry sand of the Castle floor!

But, what was it? An animal of that species burrowing in the earth? or was it a savage foe concealed there?

Both these questions the trapper asked himself, but the latter seemed so absurd that he discarded it from his mind altogether, and rising to his feet he was about to make some investigation as to the first, when a light rap, rap, rap on the Castle door arrested his attention.

#### CHAPTER VIII. A STARTLING FACT.

THE rap on the Castle door was evidently that of some one who had no hesitancy about demanding admittance; and the natural conclusion of the old trapper was that Dick or Harry, and probably both of them, had returned.

He advanced, and opening the wicket, peered out. He saw that Harry Herbert had returned, and at once admitted him to the Castle.

"Ho, ye runaway!" exclaimed the old trapper; "what ye been, younker? See'd any thing o' Dashin' Dick?"

"To your first question I will say that I have been over on the shore, trying to find out something 'bout that mysterious torch, and those five sticks. As to Dick, I have seen nothing of him since I left."

"Wal, how the deuce did you git over to the shore?"

"I found a small canoe drifted alongside of the Castle, when I went out, and in this I reached the shore."

"Did you gain any clue as to the torch and sticks?"

Harry fixed his eyes upon Trapper Tom in a manner that implied great meaning; then leaning forward he said in a whisper:

"I did, Tom."

The old Trapper started. A nervous jerk convulsed his whole frame, and he swept the surrounding walls with a quick glance, as though he half suspected the youth's secret.

"What is it? what did it mean?"

"Just what was first suspected. We are in danger," replied the young hunter, in a whisper.

"Of what?"

"Enemies."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; we are in danger of five enemies. Four of them are red-skins, and one a white-skin, as the sticks indicated."

"From whom did you learn all this, Harry?"

"From the one who sent the canoe, with the torch and sticks, adrift; from a friend of ours who would not have dared to venture out upon the lake, but knowing we were about to run into danger, hit upon the idea of warning us by means of the torch and the sticks."

"And who are those enemies?"

"In a whisper scarcely audible, the young hunter replied:

"Four of them are within this very castle!"

Trapper Tom could scarcely conceal his emotion. His eyes involuntarily sought the ground where, but a few minutes previous, he had seen the sand move, as if by some living creature beneath it.

"They must be there!" whispered Harry, seeing the trapper's downward and significant glance, "for where else could they be?"

"It's impossible," whispered Tom, "under the sand in this castle," where they'd been found out afore this. I'll admit it's a trick that none but a red-skin could play. But then, how could they have got in here? The door was securely locked when we came. No, no; I can't hardly convince myself that four savages are secreted in the ranch of Ole Tom Strothers."

"I hope not, at any rate," replied Harry.

"Ay, ay, lad; for if so, a bloody fight will be the result. But be ready for the worst, Harry. I'll fight to the death afore I give up Lake Castle."

"I will stand by you to the last, Tom," replied Harry.

"That's the music and pluck, my boy; but see here; who is that white enemy, and what is he?"

Before Harry could answer, there came another sharp rapping on the Castle door, cutting short their conversation.

Tom opened the wicket and saw that Dashin' Dick had made his appearance again, and so he answered his summons by opening the door and admitting him at once.

"Ah, the truant has beat me back!" he exclaimed, in a jocular tone, when he caught sight of Harry.

"Yes; he's been here some time," replied Tom, in a whisper; "but, Dick, did you make any dis-killeries while you were away?"

"I did," replied Dick, glancing at Herbert—who had turned away—with an expression that puzzled the old trapper to understand; "there is something wrong, Tom, and—here his voice fell still lower; "there is a traitor dogging our footsteps."

Trapper Tom was astounded. There was something in Dick's last words, and the glance he had given Harry, that he knew at once were to be connected. If so, Harry Herbert was the traitor. But could such a thing be possible?

Old Tom asked himself the question a number of times, for he was loth to believe it. Then he began to reflect over Harry's past conduct of that evening. He could find nothing suspicious, but his leaving the Castle without making the fact known. But Harry had told such a straightforward story about his leaving, and his discovery, that the trapper still couldn't believe he was a traitor.

Turning, he went out onto the platform, motioning Dick to follow him. Harry remained in the Castle.

"Now, Dick, tell me," said Tom, "what it was you see'd while ashore."

"The first I saw on landing," said Dick, glancing warily and uneasily about him, "was a canoe put out from shore, and head directly for this point. Harry Herbert was the occupant. He had scarcely reached the Castle when another canoe glided out from the shadows of the shore, and it was headed toward this point. There were four occupants in it, and whether they were humans in disguise or fiends in the form of beasts, I can not say."

At this juncture a curious light kindled in Trapper Tom's eyes, and a strange expression swept over his bearded features. But his head being slightly turned, Dick failed to observe the emotions his words had aroused.

"Why, how did they look, Dick? What was they?" he asked.

"They were all different," replied Dick; "that is, no two were alike. One resembled a huge black bear—the head and feet and all were there, natural as life itself. Another resembled a mountain lion, and a fierce-looking creature it was. Another resembled a panther, and the fourth one a wolf. All sat upright, the bear handling the paddle, which led me to believe they were persons disguised in the skins of those different animals. But, be that as it

may, I will swear it was the most ferocious-looking crew I ever saw, and the moonbeams falling upon them lent an additional terror to their fiend-like appearance."

"When?" ejaculated Tom, "I should think so; but, what became of the others?"

"There now, you are coming to the point, Trapper Tom. As I said before, those four fiends were headed directly toward this point. I kept a close watch upon their movements. They approached the Castle with great caution, and, as I supposed, they were going to make an attack upon it. They ran up to the east wall, then crept around toward the west side until the building concealed them from view. I waited for them to appear in sight again, but I waited in vain. I saw nothing of them after they put the Castle between themselves and me. I supposed they pulled out for the shore, finding the Castle impregnable, and kept the building between us, and yet it seems impossible for them to have done so. However, I jumped into my canoe and pulled hard for this point, and for fear those four demons might be concealed under the shadows of the wall watching an opportunity to strike, I made the circuit of the Castle before approaching it. But not a demon did I see, Trapper Tom. They had vanished, canoe and all, as though your Castle had been a monster and swallowed them up. I will be shot if their disappearance isn't clothed in a bit of mystery to me, and I—"

Further conversation was here interrupted by a slight, unnatural sound within the Castle. The two bent their heads and listened. Something was going wrong inside, and turning they hurried into the apartment. To their horror and surprise, they found themselves, on gaining the interior, face to face with four powerful savage warriors, who in the dim light of the fire on the hearth, appeared like the demons of hideousness. Behind them lay Harry Herbert bound hand and foot, with a bandage over his mouth. All around in the yielding sand were marks where a violent yet silent struggle had ensued between the young hunter and the four savages, unknown to Trapper Tom and Dashin' Dick.

Trapper Tom was dumbfounded by the presence of the savages, and for a moment he stood like a statue of stone, his eyes fixed upon them.

But, this lasted only for a moment. A look of scorn and indignation mounted his face, and his whole powerful frame became convulsed with a fury and strength that were gathering force for the coming storm.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 175.)

CHAPTER XX.  
THE OFFERING.

As Myrtle remained silent, Yost spoke again. "You may judge, in part, of my astonishment at finding you under such circumstances," he said.

"True—true," returned Myrtle, half absently, without meeting his glance; "I know it must seem singular to you; but to me—"

They were interrupted by the entrance of Myrtle's companions: two strikingly pretty girls who were also employed in the Treasury. In the surprise occasioned by finding a visitor there, they failed to perceive traces of tears on Myrtle's face.

She introduced Yost to them; and, in a few moments they withdrew, leaving our couple alone.

"I will go now," he said. "But, have I your permission to call often?"

"Come when you choose, Mr. Yost."

"Thank you."

Bowing over the hand which he held and pressed, he left her.

When the door closed after him, Myrtle sunk back into her chair and cried bitterly; first owing to the woe caused by the intelligence of her grandmother's death, and second, because of tortuous thoughts that were roused within her by the words of Henry Yost.

"He—love—me?" fell from her quivering lips between sobs; "oh! he does not know what I am; he does not dream who it is to whom he offers his affection. I?—a being unworthy even of the few blessings I derive from my labors. An outcast!—without even a right to claim the name I bear! If my secret was known, I would be an object for the scorn of those around me; the few kind acquaintances who now cheer me, would desert me, flee from me as they would from a viper! Oh! what a wretched girl I am. And why was I ever born to have to endure so much of unhappiness?"

And this was the topping down of that philosophy in which she had told Henry Yost—when they met in the sunny afternoon in the grove at Myrtleworth, years before—that contentment could be easily found, if sought for; the delusion of a mind believing that

"Oils of balm in the cloudiest hours, Come, if you seek, in this world of ours."

Just then her spirit was crushed in an outburst of despair; it seemed as if her heart would break under the ordeal of mockery, as she sat there alone, crying out her misery.

It was night.

In the second story of a certain building not far from the corner of E street and Pennsylvania avenue, a number of men were seated around a table, absorbed in the game of faro—the "Tiger" that has devoured the purses and lives of so many thousands, and then snarled roughly at its victims, as they recoiled in the horrors of their abject ruin.

The room was close and warm; the players were perspiring with the heat of excitement. One there was, however, who handled his checks coolly, smiling the same over loss or gain. Henry Yost.

He had laid aside his shining silk hat; his dark hair was pushed carelessly back from brow and temples; and occasionally he twirled his oiled mustache nonchalantly.

He was lucky. His chips multiplied rapidly, until the piles around his card produced a feeling of envy among the rest.

"Please cash these!" he said, suddenly, pushing the chips toward the dealer.

Receiving his money, he left the table.

"Hello, Yost!—in luck to-night," saluted an acquaintance, who leaned against the glittering sideboard.

"Yes; tolerably so."

"By the by," continued the other, with a sly wink, "how about that sweetheart you caught this afternoon?"

"Eh?"

"I mean that 'Treasury girl.' A gay little figure she was. I watched you walking up the street with her."

"Did you?" indifferently.

"What's her name, now—"

"No matter. I don't care to discuss the name of a lady here."

"Behave!"

Yost frowned.

"Drop the subject," he said, rather sharply.

The sight of this beautiful girl, weeping in her grief, affected him deeply.

Presently he started from his seat and advanced to her side. Leaning with one hand on the back of her chair, he said, in a hushed tone:

"Miss St. Sylvin, you wrong me when you say you had no friend but your grandmother. There is one other who became your firm friend from the first hour of his meeting with you. When he saw you, it was to yield to that instant admiration which man ever holds for a woman of heart and culture. He is now near you. He offers condolence in this unexpected sadness—he would strive to win the favor of your smiles, by proving himself sincere. It is I. Can I comfort you? Will you let me be your friend?"

Whatever may have been Yost's failings, he spoke then from the depths of his heart—a modern sinner bending in worship at the shrine of pure, sorrowing woman.

"You are kind, Mr. Yost," sobbed Myrtle.

"Do not feel yourself so utterly alone under the trial. I will do my best to balm away your pain. All I ask is, that you will think well of me. I, too, am without friends—without kindred. My life is one continuous strain, a succession of dangerous ordeals, that make me sigh for one faithful companion. I live wild and reckless; wherever I go I meet all as enemies. I have no confidants, not even an associate who is constant. Then, would it not be sweet to me to have your friendship—to feel that one so good and pure does care a little for poor Harry Yost—the gambler?"

"The gambler!" echoed Myrtle, half-shuddering.

"Yes," he said, and his voice sunk to a low tremulousness, "Harry Yost, the gambler. I lead a wretched life; but I grew up without fortune, or trade, or profession—ambition to dress well and live easy, brought me to this level, and it is my only support. But, however bad, however vile the stigma attached to my role, I know how honest a man may be, and my character is not all welded in bands of copper. Perhaps you will spurn my society now."

"No," said Myrtle, very lowly; and that was all.

"Myrtle—let me call you by that name? Would you take me from such a life? You can do it. You can, too, make me very happy. Myrtle"—and the words were scarcely more than a whisper—"could you love me, and let me take you under my protection, into the care of my affection? I love you. If I dared hope that you would reciprocate this, I would renounce forever my present associations."

Myrtle quickly wiped away her tears, and arose.

"Mr. Yost, I believe you speak sincerely"—(he took the hand which she extended to him, and gazed, like one fascinated, into the large blue eyes). "Whatever you may be, I don't care. I shall be glad to retain your friendship; but, do not mention more than that to me again. I do not deserve that any one should care for me. I am nothing—nobody. Do not tell me that you love me; it sounds like mockery."

"But, I mean it, Myrtle—if you could link your destiny with mine? What better time than this?—when you need comforting, and all the many guardian attentions of a true love. Be my wife. Though you have seen but little of me, you can not mistake my earnestness. I am sure; and—"

They were interrupted by the entrance of Myrtle's companions: two strikingly pretty girls who were also employed in the Treasury. In the surprise occasioned by finding a visitor there, they failed to perceive traces of tears on Myrtle's face.

She introduced Yost to them; and, in a few moments they withdrew, leaving our couple alone.

"I will go now," he said. "But, have I your permission to call often?"

"Come when you choose, Mr. Yost."

"Thank you."

Bowing over the hand which he held and pressed, he left her.

When the door closed after him, Myrtle sunk back into her chair and cried bitterly; first owing to the woe caused by the intelligence of her grandmother's death, and second, because of tortuous thoughts that were roused within her by the words of Henry Yost.

"He—love—me?" fell from her quivering lips between sobs; "oh! he does not know what I am; he does not dream who it is to whom he offers his affection. I?—a being unworthy even of the few blessings I derive from my labors. An outcast!—without even a right to claim the name I bear! If my secret was known, I would be an object for the scorn of those around me; the few kind acquaintances who now cheer me, would desert me, flee from me as they would from a viper! Oh! what a wretched girl I am. And why was I ever born to have to endure so much of unhappiness?"

And this was the topping down of that philosophy in which she had told Henry Yost—when they met in the sunny afternoon in the grove at Myrtleworth, years before—that contentment could be easily found, if sought for; the delusion of a mind believing that

"Oils of balm in the cloudiest hours, Come, if you seek, in this world of ours."

Just then her spirit was crushed in an outburst of despair; it seemed as if her heart would break under the ordeal of mockery, as she sat there alone, crying out her misery.

It was night.

In the second story of a certain building not far from the corner of E street and Pennsylvania avenue, a number of men were seated around a table, absorbed in the game of faro—the "Tiger" that has devoured the purses and lives of so many thousands, and then snarled roughly at its victims, as they recoiled in the horrors of their abject ruin.

The room was close and warm; the players were perspiring with the heat of excitement. One there was, however, who handled his checks coolly, smiling the same over loss or gain. Henry Yost.

He had laid aside his shining silk hat; his dark hair was pushed carelessly back from brow and temples; and occasionally he twirled his oiled mustache nonchalantly.

He was lucky. His chips multiplied rapidly, until the piles around his card produced a feeling of envy among the rest.

"Please cash these!" he said, suddenly, pushing the chips toward the dealer.

Receiving his money, he left the table.

"Hello, Yost!—in luck to-night," saluted an acquaintance, who leaned against the glittering sideboard.

"Yes; tolerably so."

"By the by," continued the other, with a sly wink, "how about that sweetheart you caught this afternoon?"

"Eh?"

"I mean that 'Treasury girl.' A gay little figure she was. I watched you walking up the street with her."

"Did you?" indifferently.

"What's her name, now—"

"No matter. I don't care to discuss the name of a lady here."

"Behave!"

Yost frowned.

"Drop the subject," he said, rather sharply.

"The party I met this afternoon was a lady. Her name is as sacred to me as if she was my own sister. Do you understand? Is that sufficient?" There was danger in the young gambler's glance as he spoke.

Nothing further passed between them. Yost shortly afterward left the room.

"He's carried two thousand dollars with him!" exclaimed the dealer at the table, with a sour grimace. "If there's another such 'run' the bank'll be broke!"

Yost, as he sauntered out into the cool night air, was thinking of Myrtle.

"I've got nine thousand dollars laid by, now," he mused, aloud, "and here's two more, making eleven. When I get twenty I'll quit the business. And I guess it won't take me long; I always was lucky. Then for Myrtle. By heaven! I love that girl. She is an angel if ever there was one. She alone can reform Harry Yost, the gambler. To-day I have not tasted a drop of liquor, nor will I touch it at all while she remains my friend. When I go to see her in her society which molds a new soul within me!"

CHAPTER XXI.  
FACES OF THE PAST.

THE days passed by, and April came—month of pearly showers preceding the flower-festaled May-time of the Muses.

Yost's visits had been frequent at the quiet little house on New York Avenue.

Myrtle almost entirely forgot that she had ever been warned against the one who was now a constant visitor at her humble home; and we must say for the young gambler, that the sentiments which existed in his heart toward the fair girl were of the purest kind. His actions, sprung of sincere motive, brought a wealth of sustaining comfort in her changed and shadowed life.

He loved Myrtle—hoped to win her, as an honest man may seek to win the gem of idealty. His attentions to her were kind, gentle, always on the alert to render her moments pleasant. But throughout a number of weeks he had never once retouched upon the subject of his desires; he seemed more like a brother in the mild curb he placed on the intensity of his all-absorbing passion.

"Oh, to be cherished for one's self alone! To owe the love that cleaves to us to naught. Which fortune's summer—winter—gives or takes! To know that while we wear the heart and mind, Features and form, high heaven endow'd us with, Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm, We shall be loved!"

Myrtle was not unsuspicious to the kindnesses he lavished upon her. Day by day she found herself growing to like him more; and, indeed, she oftentimes felt a peculiar happiness in his presence and cheerful conversation.

But her condition could not portend a reciprocation of his love. One night, ere she knelt at her bedside to pray, her thoughts were centering on Henry Yost; and a crimson flush suffused her cheeks as the remembrance of her bitter portion came upon her.

"No—no," she murmured; "it can not be. I must not encourage him to believe that I may, sometime, marry him. I am not fit—I am not fit! Yet, it would make him happy. He loves me; he is waiting patiently for me to give him hope. Ere it is too late, we must separate. I can not be an image of stone, and keep his heart as it now lies, at my feet! For my welfare and his he must leave me forever. Once I loved Richard Wayne, and her voice sunk, and her head drooped slowly in that sudden memory of a past dream. "Once I thought I could be his. But, long ago, I crushed that mad hope from my bosom. Richard Wayne—Richard Wayne—where is he now? Ah! how I used to joy in his promise of return. Let me see—yes—two years, he said; but they have gone by. Perhaps he is happy in some other love; he has forgotten me. In my trials, Harry has come a welcome, welcome friend; and I might—yes—I might make him a good wife. What crazy notions!—starting and waking from the mood: "It is impossible. Harry and I must part!"

And whatever faint glimmer of sunbeams was held out to her promisingly then, it vanished in the effort of her sterner self, under the gall of an involuntary throe.

It was now the night of the fourteenth of the month. Myrtle sat in the little parlor, attired in her best, apparently waiting to go out.

Her attitude was thoughtful; her blue eyes watched the gas-glow of the stove, in an absent way, and an air of silence reigned around her.

There was a sound of carriage-wheels outside; then came a pull at the bell. Myrtle answered the ring.

The comer was Henry Yost.

"Good-evening—Bijou!"

"Good-evening, Mr. Yost."

"See, Myrtle," he said, as they entered the parlor, "I've brought you a present. You'll accept it?"

He drew a handsome, green-bound volume from beneath his cape.

Myrtle received the book, and read its title-page at once.

"Tom Moore!" she exclaimed, delightedly.

"Yes. You remember, you were saying the last time I was here, you would like to have it."

"I think that of all the poets his singing is the sweetest!"—enthusiastically.

"And I agree with you in your admiration. But come; are you ready? The carriage is at the door."

"Yes."

"Then we'll be off."

They left the house, and were soon speeding away toward Ford's Theater, on Tenth street.

The theater was well filled on that memorable night—the fourteenth of April, the attraction being Taylor's "American Cousin."

The President was expected to be present, and many among the audience were on the qui vive for his appearance.

Mr. Lincoln's advent threw Dreundrey into a momentary eclipse; but soon the enthusiasm which marked the reception of the Chief Magistrate quieted, order was restored, and the play went on well and smoothly.

Henry Yost and Myrtle occupied orchestra chairs. She was feeling very happy at the moment; her blue eyes sparkled with pleasure, and her cheeks blushed like red roses.

"Enjoying it, Bijou?" he asked, when they talked lowly together.

"Oh, very much. It has been a long time since I was in such good spirits."

It was a source of gratification to him to note how she partook of the vigor of her surrounding. And he watched her intently, his passionate love growing stronger and stronger in its chains, with the gaze he fastened on that beautiful face.

But the general enjoyment of the evening was doomed to a horrible climax.

About half-past ten o'clock.

Treuehard had just flung his caustic repartee after the retiring figure of Madame Montchessington, when suddenly the ears of all were startled by the sharp, whip-like crack of a pistol.

"Revenge for the South!" rung out and echoed across dome and corridors in a terrible accent.

A form shot into the air above the stage; it descended—struck near the footlights; it rose, with a gleaming dagger poised aloft; it reared, it was gone.

The audience sat riveted. A fearful stillness

reigned—an ominous calm, in which eyes were staring and hearts stood still.

Then some one shouted, the name of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin, and the cry burst from a hundred lips, simultaneously.

In the wild confusion following the perpetration of the bloody deed—which robbed the country



riage until the close of the war? He has enough money, without needing to wait to recover his estates in Virginia. Only a whim, perhaps. Well, I dare not press him too much. I can be patient; though I will have to be keenly on the alert, since this unexpected appearance of Myrtle. How came she here? I wish she was anywhere else than in Washington!

Some one passing along the hallway recalled her mind to her surroundings.

With a start and a quick glance about to see if there could be a listener to her thoughts, she hastened up to her room.

Richard Wayne left the hotel and took his way down Pennsylvania avenue, in an unsettled frame of mind.

The city upon every side was mournful, in the agony of the hour.

The wall of a horrified people seemed to murmur through the solemn atmosphere; and the wires of telegraph were flashing over the whole country the news of the atrocious crime which robbed a nation of its official head—where had centered the profoundest respect, veneration, hope, and universal good-will of millions of hearts.

Like a feat of magic, Washington was encircled by military guards—cavalry and infantry—pickets on the watch for him who had by his dastardly deed proclaimed himself the foe of both the North and South; and detectives, on horse and foot, were scouring in every direction, working with the stern ardor of men far more than merely shocked or angry.

But quick as had been the distribution of the soldiery, active as were the sleuth-hounds of an avenging law, the daring assassin slipped between the network set for his capture, and the hoofs of the horse that bore him thundered across the bridge to Anacostia—the fleeing murderer dashed through lone and sleepy Uniontown, on, on, with the speed of the wind, into the spectral roads of the country beyond!

Richard Wayne paid little heed to the excitement prevailing. He walked slowly on; and he was thinking of the pale, pain-molded face he had seen at the theater—thinking of Myrtle, and the time of his early love.

He was uneasy in his very soul; he felt the sharp sting of a rebuking conscience as he recalled the day when he had promised both himself and Myrtle, to return and wed her at the expiration of two years.

And we see that Cora St. Sylvan had succeeded but too well in her scheme to win the troth-allegiance of Richard Wayne.

She had met him in Philadelphia, and immediately set to work with all the artfulness of a designing woman to accomplish the ambition of her unbridled passions.

Leading him gradually but sure from the at first firm integrity of principle, Cora ultimately attained the triumph of her desire, brought the fascinated man to an ardent avowal of affection, and accepted his proposal of marriage.

The wedding was to be deferred, however, until the country should relapse into the calm quiet of peace, when he would be able to recover the most valuable of his property in Virginia.

Richard did not sleep well when he retired on that eventful night. All he could do or strive, slumber would not come to his eyelids.

There was a strange heat and throbbing in his brain; and toward daylight—in the hushed hour and solemn darkness—his lips murmured:

"Did Cora speak the truth when she told me Myrtle was married?" Followed by a deep sigh, and:

"Well, if it is so, I hope she is happy. If she is not a wife, and Cora has spoken falsely—even then it would be useless for me to return to her. I am unworthy of her love after acting as I have. I almost wish that Cora had never lived—or that I had never seen her!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 170.)

## Bookworm and Butterfly.

BY CORA CHESTER.

"Any thing in the way of flirtations here, Beth?"

Beth Lonsdale took her snowy hands from the bread she was kneading and opened two hazel eyes in surprise.

"Why, Nan, surely you wouldn't do such a thing?"

"Surely I would, then, Miss Innocence. Come, name over the eligibles and I'll prepare for the contest!"

"Well, there is the Rev. Mr. Bliss."

"Ugh, I detest ministers!"

"Then, there's the Professor."

"Worse and worse. I hate literary men!"

"Well, there's John."

"Oh, I'd only have to confess to an ignominious defeat. We all know John's heart is impregnable since somebody has taken possession."

Beth's rosy face left one in no doubt as to who that somebody was.

"Literally all?" inquired Nan, laconically.

"Literally all. I'm afraid you'll have to give up for want of victims."

Nan dropped her poised work, yawned, and walking to the little vine-covered window, stood gazing down the dusty village street.

What she saw there caused her to rush back to Beth with flushed face.

"Oh, Beth, you little fraud! Why, a perfect Adonis has just passed, so handsome and stylish! Who in the name of all that's enchanting is he?"

"Can you give a little more accurate description? I fail to recognize your hero."

"As if Lakeview or any other place could contain two such perfect specimens of the genus homo!" A face and form where even god hath set his seal to give the world assurance of a man!

He will be coming back soon, Beth, dear, and do wash off that horrid dough and come out for a game of croquet. Do, that's a darling."

So Beth, half-smothered with hugs and kisses, consented against her better judgment, and willful Nan had her way, as she generally did.

And so it happened, naturally enough, that when Alfred Lascar passed the cottage gate again he stopped at sight of Nan's flushed, bewitching face, and lifted his hat with profound respect to Miss Beth, whom he had often pronounced a country dowdy, and whose little lives are of as much value to them as ours are to us. I never hate you so much as when I see you stick a pin through some beautiful insect."

She ended her tirade, flushed and breathless, and sat regarding him half-defiantly.

"You plead their case well, Nannette, but it is in the cause of science; I would not needlessly hurt them. You have so much pity for the smallest bug, why have you none for the victims of a larger growth you daily slaughter?"

You pin their hearts to your toilet cushion and laugh over their sufferings. Are human butterflies made destitute of feeling?"

"You are getting obscure, Professor, and I can't follow. Our discussion on entomology would only be a one-sided affair, and I don't feel in the mood to be taught this morning."

The question now is, how shall I get home? The butterfly's wings are broken and we must think of some way of carrying her."

The Professor looked grave, listened a few moments, then ran up the cliff toward the road.

"Croquet is very tame no doubt to you blasé men after fast horses and billiards; but, if you would join our game, we should be most happy," fluted Beth, a trifle stiffly, in answer to Nan's beseeching glance.

"Thanks, dear Miss Lonsdale," and he was over the gate before Beth could advance to un-latch it.

"Nannette, Mr. Lascar. Mr. Lascar, Miss Gerard."

Mr. Lascar professed himself delighted and begged for the pleasure of a game with Miss Gerard, which the young lady granted with many smiles, dimples and dangerously sweet glances.

Poor unsophisticated little Beth looked on in surprise at pretty society compliments and glances flew about with greater velocity than the balls.

She was not sorry when two figures left the college opposite and crossed over to their gate.

"Ah, Professor, are your duties over? Come in, won't you?" Then to the other gentleman: "Didn't think you could come so early, John. No doubt your prophetic soul told you what a welcome addition you would be to our game."

"The game that two can play at?" inquired John, with a roguish, significant glance at Lascar and Nan.

"Oh, any number are permitted to join!"

Nan took time from her flirtation to dart a glance at the Professor. That gentleman was bending nearly double in the road, regarding a small bug with an interest disproportionate to the cause perhaps.

"Professor, your ball is waiting to be put in motion."

"Eh, what? Oh, to be sure. Excuse me, Miss Lonsdale, I beg of you. I must take this curious specimen and add to my collection. *Venantes tubicola*. Odd I never met with it before."

He captured the ugly thing in his handkerchief and hurried breathlessly across the street without further ado.

"What a bore," sneered Nan. "Is that erratic gentleman a specimen of the geniuses of Lake View?"

"Oh, he's no kind of a fellow," drawled Lascar. "Don't trust yourself to his tender mercies, I beg of you, Miss Gerard. Why, it's reported among the boys, and it's actually a fact, that he took a young lady riding last winter, left her for a few moments, and came across an aerolite near the hotel. Instantly a divine madness seized him. He forgot all about the lady, clasped the rock to his bosom, and drove home minus the fair one. He rushed into college with flying hair and staring eyes, deposited his treasure on the library floor with many injunctions to us boys to keep hands off, commenced a learned discussion with Prof. Beck on astronomy, and then memory resumed 'her sway in his distracted globe.' He suddenly clasped his hands to his head, and, with a wild: 'By George, I've left her!' was off like a flash. When he reached the hotel the lady was waiting patiently about (a la Mary's little lamb), and he trumped up some story that satisfied her no doubt. But the joke was too good to keep, and it leaked out. The lady, has since turned her smiles in another quarter."

Nan laughed at this episode, declared she detested dusty old bookworms, and during the week which followed forgot all about the Professor and his oddities.

A week later, during a ramble in the woods he was forced upon her notice, or rather she was forced upon his.

She had been gathering a bouquet of wild flowers, and was preparing to turn homeward when some trailing arbutus, hanging far down on the rocks below, attracted her attention.

Willful in this as in all else, Nan declared to herself that she must have them, and prepared accordingly for descent. She stepped cautiously downward, keeping hold of some bushes, when a voice above cried out:

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Gerard, be careful!"

Then her foot slipped, the bushes gave way, and after a dreadful sensation of going down, down, she knew no more.

When she awoke to consciousness her head was upon the Professor's knee, and the Professor was bathing her forehead with his large handkerchief.

She raised herself, a trifle indignant; sat up, and then tried to stand up, but found her foot limp and helpless, and fell to the ground again with a cry of pain.

"I want to go home," sobbed Nan, like a spoiled child, "and I can't. What shall I do?" Then, with a sudden change from fretfulness to indignation:

"Heavens! Where did those horrid beetles come from? Oh, take them off! Take them off, I say!"

The Professor smiled; but, seeing her terror was not assumed, looked really distressed.

"I beg pardon, Miss Nannette, I forgot all about the beetles! Now I remember I did tie them up in my handkerchief, but I was so afraid you'd never recover that I ran for water, took the first thing that came to hand, and the horrid things slipped my memory." Then, with a sigh that touched Nan's really good heart:

"I never can please ladies, Miss Nannette; I don't know how. I always blunder and make them hate me. But, if you will be kind enough to express your wishes I will be happy to put myself under your command for a few hours."

"Only for a few hours?" laughed Nan, with a coquettish, upward glance. Her old love of flirting was not crushed with her foot.

"For all time if you wish it," answered her companion, with a glance of unusual ardor.

"I would only prove a nuisance instead of a protector through such a life journey as you will take. Will those pinions of yours ever tire, child? Will your gilded wings ever be soiled with the dust and sorrows of our workaday world?"

"I never express my pinions," answered Nan, with a miserable attempt at a pun. Then, catching a mischievous gleam in his usually grave eyes:

"Now you're laughing at me for my folly, and are thinking, no doubt, what a ridiculous object I make in my soiled ruffles and wet dress. You look down upon me from the Olympian heights of your learning, but I am happy just as I am. I haven't a thought above flirtations and ruffles, and delight in all the follies of the age. People of brains may read all their days if they like, but I delight to run out, romp around, pick flowers and ride horseback. Why, it would spoil all the fun if I had to pull all these spring beauties apart, give them all hideous Latin names, and press their poor little lives out in some herbarium. Then I think it's cruel to kill bugs. God made them, and their little lives are of as much value to them as ours are to us. I never hate you so much as when I see you stick a pin through some beautiful insect."

She ended her tirade, flushed and breathless, and sat regarding him half-defiantly.

"You plead their case well, Nannette, but it is in the cause of science; I would not needlessly hurt them. You have so much pity for the smallest bug, why have you none for the victims of a larger growth you daily slaughter?"

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"You are getting obscure, Professor, and I can't follow. Our discussion on entomology would only be a one-sided affair, and I don't feel in the mood to be taught this morning."

The question now is, how shall I get home? The butterfly's wings are broken and we must think of some way of carrying her."

The Professor looked grave, listened a few moments, then ran up the cliff toward the road.

In a short time he returned, accompanied by Mr. Lascar.

"The most fortunate thing in the world," lisped the young gentleman. "Pate is getting too kind. Just happened to be driving home when the Professor hailed me to come to the rescue of youth and beauty. How can I ever repay him for the kindness? Permit me, Miss Gerard."

And before Nan knew what they were about, they had half-lifted, half-carried her up the rocks to Mr. Lascar's carriage. The Professor tucked the robes about her, hoped to see her again soon, and lifted his hat as they drove off.

"Lucky I came along," laughed Lascar. "If that old muff had caught sight of a curious specimen during your dialogue your chances of rescue would have been over."

"I think you misjudge the gentleman," faltered Nan. Somehow she could not join in a laugh against him, just then.

Perhaps he found you such an interesting study that he forgot his bugs for once," snipped her companion, with a jealous, sneering look in his black eyes. "I see he has found one fair champion; forgive me if I have offended."

Nan, too weary to quarrel, lay back in the cushions with closed eyes, and vouchsafed no reply. There was something in her attitude, graceful and dependent, that stirred a new chord in Lascar's well-worn heart. Before she could realize it he had declared his love and begged for a return.

Visions of wealth and splendor flitted before Nan's eyes. What a position his wife would hold in the world of fashion! What a fine thing to rule as one of the queens of society! But, did she love this man?

They had reached Beth's gate, and Nannette had just time to whisper "yes," when Beth's feet flew out at the unusual sight of Nan in Mr. Lascar's carriage.

Nan felt his kiss upon her cheek, watched him drive off as one in a dream, then gave herself up to Beth's petting and nursing.

That evening the Professor called and found Nan in white wrapper, playing the interesting "game of hide-and-seek" with her capricious, though, but all her stinging darts seemed to fall harmless from the Professor's coat of mail.

"Why don't you take one of those dear little cottages opposite, Professor?" asked Beth, with a mischievous laugh.

"Now, Miss Beth, that's too bad. You know only the Benedicts of the Faculty are permitted those abodes of bliss. We poor bachelors must content ourselves with uncomfortable boxes of attic rooms. I've often thought how happy the occupants of those dear little houses must be. But, what young lady of these days would settle down to them, when fine young fellows with brown-stone mansions are so plenty?"

Beth answered John's inquiring glance with as loving a one, which said as plainly as words that one little woman would never weigh love in the same scale with a brown-stone mansion. Poor, self-torturing Nan saw the loving glance of perfect confidence, and it roused her to an angry feeling against them all. Did they know that she had sold herself for gold that they kept harping on such sentimental trash as love and devotion?

She looked up just in time to see that the Professor was watching her with a light in his dark eyes she had never seen there before. It startled her, but she rallied, and exclaimed with a bitter little laugh:

"What nonsense you children are talking! 'Poor love in a cottage is hungry, and your vine is a nest of flies; Your midnight shadows the grasses, And simplicity talks of pies!'"

"Those cottages are horrid little boxes, and as for the wives of the Professors, they must be just miserable! Ugh! I just think once, Beth, of wearing stiff silks, and spectacles, reading 'Locke on the Human Understanding' for light reading, and being made love to in the dead languages! No, my dear young friends, love in a cottage is a myth."

"Give me a fly flirtation, 'Nanthe light of a chandelier, With music to play in the pauses, And nobody very near!'"

"And Mr. Lascar to play the devoted, no doubt," added the Professor, dryly. "Well, I confess I admire your taste and good sense, Miss Gerard. These two here are dreaming Love's young dream, but you and I know it is a delusion they'll awaken from some day."

"If this is a dream, God grant we may never awake," said John, and Beth added softly, "Amen."

Nan often sat and dreamed of her future as Alfred Lascar's wife, and pictured to herself many times the grand wedding, glittering presents, and crowded receptions. But, somehow, she never thought of him at all. Other eyes than his haunted her, and a grave, sad face floated between her and happiness.

Three days had passed since her accident, and still Mr. Lascar had not paid his *devoirs*.

The fourth, Beth came in breathless with news.

"Oh, Nan, the loveliest suit just passed! A New York lady had it on, and I know it's from Paris. Frenchy, and Mr. Lascar looked as if he admired the dress as well as the owner. It is Miss Luttrell, just returned from abroad. They have been engaged two years, and the wedding is to come off in the fall. She is enormously wealthy, so it will be a grand affair, I expect."

"Engaged—who?" faltered Nan, feeling as if her future were slipping away from her.

"Why, Mr. Lascar and Miss Luttrell, you inattentive little goose!"

That night Mr. Lascar called and was received haughtily by Miss Gerard. That of course increased the intense love he had grown to feel for her. He was naturally selfish and calculating, but calculation had all been forgotten in the strength of this all-absorbing passion. For the moment he was its slave.

"Nannette, darling, have you forgot our last meeting? Are you going to drive me wild with your coldness?"

"I do not flatter myself that I have the power, Mr. Lascar, you attribute to me. As for our last interview, the sooner it is forgotten the better. I have heard of you approaching wedding, so all attentions you may pay me in the future, I shall regard as insults." Then, seeing he was about to speak, "No more words are needed between us. Love protestations weary me. Go!"

"I do not care for my fiancée, Nan; I hate her! I love you. Surely you will not turn me off for a virtuous notion. You love me."

"Oh, the egotism of you lords of creation," laughed Nan. "Relieve your mind, Mr. Lascar. I do not love you, and please to oblige me by getting off your knees. It is flattering, but inconvenient. Here comes Miss Lonsdale."

"Curse Miss Lonsdale!" muttered Lascar between his teeth, forgetting his assumed character of gentleman in his irritation, "and curse all such heartless flirts as yourself."

Then reading aright the scorn and indignation flashing from Nan's eyes, he made his escape just as Beth entered.

Nan sat alone in the gathering twilight; soft tears of real feeling wetting her eyes, when a familiar step sounded on the gravel outside, and a figure she had grown to look for stood in the doorway.

"Oh, Miss Gerard, you here, building *chateaux*

*en Espagne* in the dark? I am going to give a lecture to the Sophomores this evening, and they are all waiting in the lecture-room. I just ran over to look up a knotty point in one of Miss Beth's old books. I will intrude but a few moments while I search the bookcase? I am in such a hurry."

"You never intrude," faltered Nan, in a strangely subdued voice, "and I want to beg your pardon for all the hateful things I've said to you and about you."

The Professor stared, left his book and advanced to her chair.

"Don't beg my pardon, little one. You have wounded unintentionally; I never thought you meant it."

He took her two hands in his, and caught the gleam of tears in her eyes. Perhaps he saw something else there, too, for he forgot all about his hurry, and the Sophomores waited while their absent-minded Professor told Nan just how dearly he loved her.

Nan has come to the conclusion that professors' wives are not the objects of pity she once thought them; and although she has not adopted the stiff, rustling silks and spectacles peculiar to the consorts of the Faculty, she bids fair to do so in time.

At present she sits in the door of one of the horrid cottages, and is occupied in curling baby's golden hair over her fingers, whispering soft nonsense in her tiny ears, and searching the depths of her wonderful eyes. A pretty poem her husband had read to her the evening before flitted through her mind, and she quoted aloud:

"Where did you get those eyes of blue?"

"Out of the skies as I came through!"

answered a laughing voice over her shoulder.

"What makes your face so sober, little one? Puzzling out a problem in Euclid?"

"As if I would dare attempt anything so profound! No; I was trying to solve the problem of baby's life. What shall we make of her, Lawrence? You like women of sense and judgment. Shall we have her a *bleu*, with eyes rolled to the stars in meditation, spectacles, and corkscrew curls?"

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" crossing himself with mock solemnity. "No; we'll have her that most bewitching of her sex—a butterfly. They make the best wives, after all."

"Not always," laughed Nan. "It takes bitter experience to teach us that we have hearts. But if you will it that baby shall be a butterfly, then I will look out for a bookworm to mate her with. Butterflies of fashion must be chained to the earth, or their silly, brilliant wings will lead them into eternal darkness, after their frivolous, misspent lives shall have passed."

## Gold or Dross?

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

LINNIE HARRISON sat by the table in her own room, one dimpled elbow resting upon the table's marble top, and a dimpled hand supporting her pretty chin.

Her brown eyes gazed through the open window with a far-away look in their translucent depths, and before her lay two open letters.

One of them was most exquisitely gotten up, and the name, signed with an execrating flourish, was "Augustus Fitz-James Howard."

The other was written in a plain, bold hand, and bore the simple name, "John Brough."

"Ah, what shall I say?" sighed Linnie. "I don't know which I like the best. Gus Howard is so handsome and stylish—and he does read poetry so charmingly—but, somehow, I feel as if he wouldn't do to trust. John Brough isn't handsome one bit—but then he is so good and true! What shall a poor girl do?"

"Miss Linnie!" This from a little darkey who popped his head in at her door. "Miss Linnie, your uncle Tom want dis ebenin's paper."

"Well, take it, Sam; here it is. No—wait a minute."

Linnie paused, with the paper in her hand, reading the paragraph which caught her eye. She looked up, with a sudden light in her sweet face.

"Sam, you can go. I'll take this to uncle Tom myself," said she.

The small darkey dodged out, and Linnie went slowly down to the parlor.

"Uncle Tom," said she, "I see here that the—Bank has failed. Is it true?"

"Quite true, Linnie. A dead failure. Won't pay five cents on the dollar."

"Well, uncle Tom, isn't some of my money invested in that bank?"

"A little; yes."

"I'll lose it, then?"

"Yes. But it isn't over a thousand dollars. You will hardly miss it. Don't worry over it—the rest is all safe."

"Oh, I don't care much. I only wanted to know."

Miss Linnie went back to her room, and sent a short note to both her suitors, inviting Mr. Gus Howard to call at six and Mr. Brough at eight, to receive her answer in person.

Punctually at six o'clock Mr. Augustus Fitz-James Howard came smiling in, in spotless necktie and immaculate gloves, wearing an air of complacent expectation, like one sure of success.

Linnie gave him her hand with a sober face.

"Before I answer your letter, Mr. Howard," said she, "I must tell you the bad news I have heard to-day."

"Ah, bad news? How sorry I am! Not lost a friend, I hope?"

"Not friends, Mr. Howard, but property."

Gus Howard's countenance fell, and he inquired anxiously:

"Indeed? Not serious, I hope, Miss Linnie?"

"Judge for yourself, Mr. Howard. Uncle Tom had invested for me in the bank which failed to-day, and I lose every dollar—every cent. I am sorry, but I thought it best to tell you before we entered into any engagement."

"Oh, ah, yes, certainly, Miss Linnie! You are quite correct. I am sorry to hear this, indeed I am. Now, if I had a fortune it couldn't make the smallest difference, but—but—"

"But as you haven't it would not be prudent to marry a poor girl," put in Linnie, as he hesitated.

Howard looked curiously at her, for she hardly liked the tone of her voice, but she looked very calm and sweet, so he said:

"Yes; that is very sensible of you, Miss Linnie, to see that. I'm afraid if I married a poor girl I should fail to make her very happy."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure you would," interrupted Linnie. "If I were the poor girl, I am certain you would."

This time Mr. Howard was quite positive her tone was rather sarcastic. Anxious to end an interview which began to grow unpleasant, he said:

"I'm so sorry! But you think, then, all had better end between us?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," answered Linnie, promptly. "If I were rich it need not make any difference, but being poor—oh yes, Mr. Howard, all had better end at once."

"Well, I repeat that I am sorry. I am indeed, Miss Linnie. You're a sensible girl, you

are, indeed, Miss Linnie, and I'm sorry to lose you. But it can't be helped, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, it can't be helped, Mr. Howard!"

Linnie's manner kept making Mr. Augustus Fitz-James Howard more and more uncomfortable, so he bowed himself, and his regrets out as soon as he could.

The very moment he was gone, Linnie stood in the center of the parlor, a perfect embodiment of flashing scorn and indignation.

"There!" she cried, her scarlet mouth quivering. "I see the stuff *he's* made of! But I couldn't bear to see John Brough show himself like this! No, I won't see it. I'll write a note and tell him to answer it, instead of coming."

There Miss Linnie broke down and began to cry with all her might. And if she had studied herself a little more, I don't think she need have taken the trouble to test her lovers at all.

She went up to her room, and hastily wrote a note to John Brough, telling him what she had told Howard.

An hour later, as she sat waiting for his answer, word was brought to her that he was in the parlor.

Trembling nervously, she went down. John Brough advanced to meet her with the note in his hand.



# Saturday Journal

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READER AND ADVERTISER, 96 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

In the coming number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be given the initial chapters of

## The Powerful Novel

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

## THE CREOLE WIFE; OR, THE COUSIN'S SCHEME.

A love and heart romance—a tale of wrong, perversity and revenge—a story of sorrow, suffering and sacrifice—a revelation of a girl's beautiful life and an injured mother's high resolve—all these are involved in the development, progress and consummation of

## THIS SPLENDID PRODUCTION

of this popular author's pen. Mrs. Burton's talent for plot and action has been happily illustrated in her previous works—her "Madame Durand's Proteges," "Adria, the Adopted," "Coral and Ruby," "Strangely Wed," "Cecil's Deceit," etc., have given her a commanding position as a novelist; while her conception of character and personal peculiarities is so minute and true to life that each individual introduced seems like a special study. These attributes are all eminently apparent in this new story, which is of that intense personal interest that no reader will care to lose a line of the narrative.

**The Creole Wife,**  
**The Proud Husband,**  
**The Lucifer of the Heath,**  
**The Son of Lucifer,**  
**The Mock Wife,**  
**The Speculator's Poe,**  
**The Brave Daughter,**  
**The Follied Detective,**

are the main actors in a drama that serves to illustrate the power for evil of one intriguing nature and the unhappiness sure to spring from credulity and suspicion. It is a good—an impressive—a very impressive story—one that we delight to publish and that readers will delight to read and reread.

## Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—The Nokomis Gazette makes a proper suggestion when it advises, in regard to obtaining certain stories in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, that readers should give their orders to their newsdealer to save them a copy regularly, of the paper. As newsdealers are apt to sell out, and usually order very close to their sales, the call for a few extra copies sometimes exhausts their supply before regular readers can call for their paper. It is well, therefore, to give a definite order beforehand, to your dealer, and thus have him retain your copy for you.

The new postal law forbidding us longer to receive our exchanges free of postage compels us to overhaul the exchange list, which it has been a great pleasure to us to serve, for several years past. A paper like the SATURDAY JOURNAL, of course can make no use of exchanges, as it has no "scissors" to do its matter all being original. The exchange, therefore, was given for fellow-ship's sake, but must now be discontinued for reasons apparent to our friends of the press. The law supposing the free passage of any mail matter is so good in its general effect that we can not grumble at the provision cutting off free "exchanges," and we think the country press generally, that now finds the order rather annoying, will approve of the principle involved.

We are almost daily amused at the tribulations of those impracticable and shortsighted people who see no good in any kind of literature but that which is "serious." Nothing that is fictitious pleases them. A "story" is something frightful—a novel something abominable. And yet, when you mention Asop's Fables, Christ's Parables, Pilgrim's Progress and Sunday-school "Tales," they say: "Oh, they are proper enough because they are good." Now, however, we are told that they are not all good—that much of the Sunday-school literature is fiction, and "sensational" at that! The Sunday-school Workman, for instance, arranges their book list thus:

"One characteristic of the novel is a taking tide—for instance, something like the following: 'The Three Bells of Gold,' 'The Emerald Necklace,' 'The Diamond Brooch,' 'The Gold Hunters,' 'The Cave Child,' 'Tim, the Scissors-grinder,' 'The Red-Cross Knight,' 'The Frontier Angel,' 'Slim Jack, the Circus Boy,' 'Leonard, the Lion Heart,' 'Langling Eyes,' and 'Tom Tracy of Brier Hill.'"

"Are these the names of novels, or of Sunday-school books? Six of them are taken from late catalogues of books for Sunday-school libraries, and six from the catalogue of 'Bend's Dime Novels,' and unless you are very familiar with one or the other of these lists, I defy you to tell me which is novel and which is library book."

The Dime Novel readers will readily pick out from this list the secular and unsecular or professedly moral. Out of the entire Dime Novel list of three hundred books you will find no such titles or stories as "Slim Jack, the Circus Boy," and "Tim, the Scissors-grinder." The Dime Novels aim at something better than exhibitions of low life; and we think the Workman is doing a rather cruel thing in showing up this discrepancy.

The writer in the Workman gives us the following information as the result of his experiences and examinations in the matter of Sunday-school libraries:

"Of the lists of the Sunday-school Union, about one-half are fictitious stories. Of the publications of the Carvers, more than three-fourths are of the same unreal character. The plots of many of these vicious tales are of the most approved modern pattern. There is the inevitable good boy or girl, who is persecuted without mercy, and with great apparent success, by the villain of the story, in the person of a very bad boy indeed. The good boy is a pattern of unblemished virtue; the bad boy is a specimen of unmitigated vice. Of course, in

the end, poetic justice is respected, and virtue triumphs; and, lately, a fresh element is added to the plot, which owes its origin to the fact that there are no longer any boys or girls; and that is, the hero or heroine is happily married in the last chapter, and settled for life in a comfortable home, with from one to six children, more virtuous than their parents."

After this exhibit we much fear that those well-meaning censors who heartily disapprove of Dime Novels, and the story papers generally, will have to overhaul their Proscribed List and include the books of the Carvers and of the Sunday-school Union; or, failing to do this, must, in consistency, give the DIME NOVELS the precedence, to which, as stories, they certainly are entitled.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Is there any thing equal to mother-love? Has there ever been a love purer and more unselfish than that of a mother? Can we ever, and do we ever, repay such a love as hers? When we are not doing as we ought, it is the gentle chiding of a mother that should turn us away from following the broad path. If she tells us of our shortcomings—and have we not many of them?—we think her notions old-fashioned, and as belonging to other days and past ages.

We consider ourselves as being perfectly able to take charge of ourselves—poor, silly, inconsistent creatures that we are—and think that our mothers wish to stand in our light and crush all thoughts of pleasure out of our hearts. It is downright wicked for us to have such thoughts and talk in such a nonsensical manner; but we do, for all that. We are very wrong—very, very far in the wrong; for a true mother—and, Heaven be thanked, there are but few mothers of the other kind—does all she can for our advancement and our good; she sacrifices for us more than we know or can ever repay her for. When we are young and helpless, it is she who deprives herself of rest on our account, and how can we be so unwilling as not to heed her words? If her advice is good, why should we care how "old-fashioned" it is?

A man who will, through all the buffeting and temptations of this life, still hold in his heart the love for his mother; is a man to be trusted; but that man who either ridicules or speaks lightly of her who gave him birth, can not be a man of honor or purity, and I want you to keep him away from me, for I should be sure to set the watch-dog on him. If he had no respect for his mother, he wouldn't have any for those of her sex, so let him go anywhere save to the household of the Lawless family.

When I went to school, a little boy attended it, and the name of his mother was almost always on his tongue upon every occasion. All the shells are removed and the contents of the shells are brought forward by machinery in a dish to where the engineer stands, and he takes a sniff. *Every thing depends on the sniff!* The Zoological Department is quite complete, and consists in part of one pair of not extreme, but badly broken, broken to harness; one fine cage of Mammae musketoes with wings clipped, and which have only killed three persons so far, who got within four feet of the cage; one span of fleas, broken to saddle; one pair of chipmunks; three jaybirds; one fine aquarium of tadpoles, and a barrel full of wiggle-tails.

Of the other departments I may speak at length hereafter—if I can raise enough money to go in again. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Woman's World.

Home no longer Home for Families.—The Summer Insanity.—The Loggerhead Family.—Summer Madness and Winter Morals.

HOME, that sweetest word in the English language, that peculiarly English word, in all its significance, bids fair to become an almost unobtainable term to a large class of Americans. We multiply conveniences, comforts, and amusements for living, but it appears that we are inclined to make them subservient more to our social than our domestic wants. And yet, in its best sense, we do not have society; at least, not in the olden acceptance of the term, when society was the offshoot of home influences. Society now means, to most Americans of good circumstances, a round of parties, balls, dinners, and dissipation of various kinds, during the winter months, when people reside in their town houses; and a summer of equally exciting and exhausting pleasures at the summer resorts, the watering-places, or the tour of Europe.

With many of smaller means, who can not afford the round of winter entertainments, there is an endurance, worthy of a better cause, of every kind of petty parsimony, and uncalculated for miserly self-denial, for nine months of the year, for the special purpose of this summer dissipation, or of the fashionable "trip to Europe."

To speak what seems to me to be an incontestable fact, the majority of American women, in our great cities and small, live only for display, and the gratification of their vanity, and a petty ambition to cut a dash in the world.

The sacrifice of dignity and common sense on the part of some of our parents, to make this annual summer display, is laughable, and mean to a degree. I know a wealthy man, with two handsome daughters. They are worth a million. They know of but one use for money—to make a vulgar display. They are so parsimonious in some things that they will not keep house; they do not even own a dwelling, they board, occupying suites of gaudily-furnished rooms, in the most fashionable street. They *cheaper* every thing they buy, or bargain for; as they take two floors, in their boarding-house, the landlady bears any amount of meanness and fault-finding to retain them. They keep two carriages, and the father drives a four-in-hand team. They keep four extra riding horses, and are seen in the Park riding or driving at all hours of the day, from five in the morning till five in the afternoon. To see their names in the Daily Blazer, or Society Bulletin, among the riders in the Park, or drives on the Bloomingdale Road, or Harlem Lane, is the height of their ambition. They spend their money freely for opera boxes, and dress in flashy silks, laces and diamonds; the father is the backer and actual owner of three well-known pawnbrokers' establishments, in different parts of the city. He goes to those offices every day, and although his name is never seen on the door, or in their advertisements, it is no secret that he makes, and has made, most of his money in that way. He owns, also, stock in various railroad and banking companies; he speculates in stocks, bonds, and real estate.

This family never entertains. They have no friends to entertain. They live so incessantly in the pursuit of their pleasure and vanity, they do not care for a home. They go to Europe every year, or to some fashionable watering-place, where they astonish the crowds with their flashy splendor. I said they had no friends; they have a number of servile parasites, who endorse every thing they say and do. Not one in a thousand of the gaping crowds who stare at the vulgar display of these people are aware of the fact that the diamonds they wear are pawnbrokers' merchandise. The father frequently deceives some unwary, green reporter

to herald the magnificence of his daughters' diamonds in some morning or evening daily. The jewelry is minutely described, and its value stated in the report of some ball where it was worn. It is then put on the market, and sold by the cunning pawnbroker at the valuation reported. The story is told that Miss Kate Loggerhead has become tired of her diamond necklace, and prefers to sell it—that it can be bought at such a certain broker's office for ten thousand dollars less than cost; and some greedy simpleton is found to catch at the bait, and purchase the \$20,000 bauble for \$10,000. In all probability it is not actually worth \$10,000, the stones being light-weight South African jewels.

The vulgar meanness of this Loggerhead family can not be described; the very reporter they have duped with their splendor they will not hesitate to "cut" to use their own refined jargon, as soon as they have used him and his paper for their own purposes.

But the Loggerhead tribe, numerous as its members are, are not the only class of Americans who can not and do not know what a truly home feeling is.

I know a worthy and highly intellectual man, a publisher of repute, a gentleman and a scholar. His health has been failing for several years. His unremitting toil has brought him wealth, but not health nor domestic happiness. Not that he is a notoriously wretched man. Quite the reverse. Everybody admires his elegant wife and "accomplished" daughter. They are considered "ornaments of society." This gentleman's physician ordered him to the country this summer, to some inland village or quiet farm-house, away from the bustle of the city and where he would not be exposed to salt air and sea breezes. A friend found a delightful retreat for him and his wife and daughter up among the Berkshire Hills, in the family of a gentleman of ample means, who could afford to entertain them in a really elegant style. The rides and drives in the neighborhood were charming, and the country gentleman had teams and carriages, which he was willing to put at the disposal of the invalid and his family. They could be promised only a limited amount of society, but that could be of the best. Now, when the wife and daughter of this refined and cultivated invalid, this good, tender and kind husband and father, reached their retreat among the Berkshire Hills, do you think they could be persuaded to stay? No, indeed! Miss Faye must have "society," and that meant the Saratogs and Long Branch crowds. "Heavens!" said the shocked mother to the invalid husband, "Why, what do you mean, my dear? This is burying my Faye alive!"

When the suggestion was modestly made by a mutual friend present, that the father's health should be the main consideration, the proud mother promptly answered: "Well, let Papa stay here among the Berkshire Hills; Faye and I can go to Saratoga." And this was what the poor invalid had struggled through life for; to accumulate a fortune, that it might pamper the selfishness of a fortuneless wife and a vain, silly daughter. "If such is their summer manners, what," I exclaimed, when I heard the circumstance, "must be their winter morals?" Poor invalid! He has no home, summer or winter; for there can be no home where there is no heart. In the chase of the unsubstantial thing called "society," how many American women are sacrificing every home joy and all domestic happiness! Ah, how many.

The two cases here cited really represent classes. The Loggerheads are but the type of great numbers of vulgar, mean and low people, rich in money, but very destitute of almost every qualification of a refined head and heart. They flaunt their riches in our faces everywhere—wherever their impudence and ill manners are sure to confront us; and foolish people, who regard riches as the all-essential thing in this life, receive the Loggerheads with consideration. Miserable sycophants! Do you not know that you disgrace human nature by this subservience to what is essentially ignoble and low?

The other case mentioned represents a class, the antipodes of the Loggerheads in culture and refinement; but in their own way are quite as heartless and selfish. When women become so habituated to society and publicity as to dread the repose of home, their culture but adds to their folly, for cultured people ought to have within themselves a thousand resources of happiness denied to the "shoddyite," and when they find no pleasure in a home, it is indeed a bad sign of the times.

EMILY VERDEY.

## A BASHFUL SCHOLAR.

The great professors who can face the battery of a thousand eyes directed to them on the rostrum, are frequently the most diffident when taken away from their regular sphere of labor. There was Professor Aytoun, who was too timid to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily Wilson suggested to him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain his father's approval—"You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait until you return."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? he is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

MR. ALBERT W. AIKEN'S new and eagerly expected serial,

## The Man from Texas,

we find is awakening a keen interest even among the Trade. A number of newsdealers, making inquiry as to the particular issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL in which the story will be commenced, express a purpose to make extra orders with that issue. Newsdealers are pretty quick judges as to what is popular and sure to "take," and in this instance they only anticipate what must be in ordering extra supplies of Mr. AIKEN'S

## Unique Arkansas Romance,

for "The Man from Texas" is working out not only his own destiny but that of several others under circumstances which most vividly delineate Arkansas social and public life, and depict phases of Arkansas "civilization" that have no parallel in the civilized world. It is a very original story, and one of the few literary performances of the year that prove the race of American authors to be by no means extinct.

## Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. prepared for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany this inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package, marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used.—In all cases our critics must be paid for their services.—All experienced and popular writers will find an ever ready to give their offerings early attention. Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We will find place for the following contributions, viz.: "True Always," "That Unlucky Bell," "Mr. Bessemer's Lesson," "Una's Escape," "Outward Bound," "Maggie May," "A Chance Acquaintance," "Our Guide's Story," "The Make-believe Match," "Our Sisy," "A Sober First Thought," "Xon Wrong Me, Sir," "The Little Child's Ransom," "The serials," "A Bad Race," "The Governors' Legacy," "Mordant's Crime," We hold for further consideration.

The following contributions we must pronounce, for various reasons, unavailable, viz.: "Our Country," "Keep Away from the Girls," "How Southville was Sold" (defective as a MS.); "A Last Stroke," "The Miner's Fate," "All for Hate," "Bouncing Bet," "Great Men," "The Old Maid's Inheritance," "Miss Brown's Suitor."

E. E. A. We do not care for the Short Stories. Have enough on hand.

G. W. B. Will try and use the MS. although it somewhat needs revision to contributors by check.

ALFRED. The less variety a violin has the better.

BRICK FASHAW. Great British doubtless has more professedly "scientific" men than America, and therefore is more advanced in her scientific culture.

HERN M. We can use the sketch and poems. The latter, however, must be sent in duplicate, in case too much good rhyme pressing for place in our columns to stock up with expensive verses.

FANNIE A. The address of your friend, Laura L., is through her little child's Ransom. The address in an envelope to this office and we will see the note delivered to Mr. L.

A PROTESTANT. The initials O. D. appended to Father Burke's name, imply Order of Dominic. He is a member of that order—the society of Dominicans.

DASHING DICK. The author named has nothing, at present, in our hands.

SPENCER. Cook and Son are Englishmen who get up excursion trips for large parties to Europe. Their charges for a six or seven weeks' tour on the continent are about \$400 gold, which includes all expenses of the round trip. It is very cheap.

EDITOR. We of course have had, under the new postal law, to revise our exchange list. See notice in the "Arm-Chair."

HOMER R. Your views regarding English verse are incorrect. English versification is governed by accent rather than by length of syllable. There is an accentless meter the introduction of a line of nine syllables is not unusual, and if the accents are correctly placed, is by no means disagreeable to the ear.

And there, beneath the grandest beauty Did the jovial band hold little carousals.

E. P. J. We can not inform you "how to learn ventriloquism." The best text-book, however, on the "art"—for which write to the American News Co.

CASPER S. The author named has by no means ceased to write. He is lying "fallow" for awhile—in fact is now, and has been for months, off on a tour through the Northwest. He is as usual, the exclusive writer for the SATURDAY JOURNAL—pens not a line for any other paper.

EDWARD B. B. That we do not approve of young men seeking Government situations and appointments we already have declared. These positions are coveted by a person like to so, avarice, trouble and humiliate himself to obtain even a petty "clerkship," that no young man of spirit and manly pride would stoop to do any thing else, therefore, which is honest and honorable than to "work for a place" in any Government capacity.

JOE PICK. Can not say from whence the expression referred to sprang. It is a very common meaning of a line from one of the old poets. We will investigate, as a matter of curiosity.

MATTIE WAYNE. If you have a box at the opera, you can appear in full dress, in a promenade costume, with dress bonnet and light kids will be in good taste.

TEA-DRINKER. An excellent cup of English breakfast tea can be had at low price by mixing one pound of heavy Assam and two pounds of sweet Souchong tea together. The average price per pound, thus mixed, will be about seventy-five cents.

SEVEREITY. The sun, as supposed to weigh seven hundred and forty times the combined weight of all the planets which circle around it.

THEODORE ST. CLAIR. It is most injurious to have your teeth polished by a dentist; it destroys the enamel. We would advise you to use the exclusive tooth powder, water, and they will retain their whiteness longer than under any other treatment.

CARLTON KENNEDY. Watches were first made in Germany in the year 1470, and the first watch that cotton was first planted in the United States.

YANKEE TOM. Whitewash the walls of your cabin. Yellow ochre is injurious, and causes depression of spirits.

ALICE LEVY. You should introduce the gentleman to the lady, not the lady to the gentleman, and when you do not wish to form the acquaintance of a person, decline in a manner as little calculated to give offense as possible.

FANNIE HASTINGS. The most fashionable letter paper is tinted, with the monogram stamped thereon, and a square envelope.

MORTIMER HOLMES. Carmine, the most beautiful of all red colors, is obtained from the cochineal insects, which were originally found in Mexico, but are now successfully raised in other countries. The preparation of carmine requires great care and skill, and costs 70,000 of the dried cochineal bugs to weigh one pound!

LILLIE LESLIE. In thanking a young gentleman for the pleasure derived at an entertainment of any kind, must be too poor to utter your thanks with a set speech. Your feelings should suggest a suitable form of words, earnest and unaffected.

EDWARD B. B. To remove the ink-stains from your marble mantle, dip a brush in turpentine and wash with muriatic acid. Do not allow it to remain long or a mark will be left. Rub it with a soft rag, and when the stain is removed, drop a little sweet oil on the part, and give it a polish.

ALBERT HAZELTON. Lamp chimneys are very apt to break with sudden heat. To prevent this, cut or scratch the base of the glass with a glazier's diamond, or plunge them in cold water, and place them on the stove until they become hot enough to be "seasoned."

LADY GAY. Never tempt gentlemen to take wine, but offer something more substantial at your entertainments, such as oysters, cold meats, and sandwiches. Too many find it difficult to resist temptation, and commence the career of a drunkard over a glass of wine.

HENRIETTA BROWN. Your questions we hope to answer satisfactorily in the following: The human heart is six inches in length, four inches in diameter, and beats 100 times per minute, 4,320 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, and 3,657,600 times a year.

MOLLIE KING. Short trousers, reaching to the knee, where they are met by high boots or stockings, is a becoming manner of dressing little boys.

FRANK GODLEY. Think twice before you speak, and you will find it an excellent method of caring your temper.

VANITY FAIR. We know of nothing better to insure good health and a strong constitution, than plain, nutritious food, daily exercise, the open air, eight hours of good sleep out of the twenty-four, cleanliness, with wise but not excessive recreations.

MRS. DENNIS. A very novel clearing-basket can be made by scraping out the inside of an immense turnip, leaving a thick wall all round, and filling it with earth, and in it some clinging vine or morning glory. Suspend the turnip with cords, and in a little time the sprouting vine will put forth leaves, and your fanciful hanging-basket will be very pretty.

BERTHA SPENCER. You can purchase a good balmoral for \$3. all wool, and serviceable, that will save the enormous bills paid to washerwomen for doing up white skirts!

PAUL ALEXANDER. Fish do not agree with a great many persons. The fish most digestible are, haddock, smelt, cod and turbot. Invalids should eat all fish boiled, not fried. The oily fishes are always considered more difficult to digest than others.

G. L. KEENE. Yours was the mistake; you will find the following a correct estimate: In 1870 the native population of the United States was 38,901,411, and the foreign-born population 5,567,229. This, one-seventh is foreign-born. Of the native-born 9,734,345 have foreign-born parents. Nearly one-half of the population of California, one-fifth of the population of Illinois, of Massachusetts, one-fourth, of New York more than one-third, of Pennsylvania, one-seventh, of Wisconsin, one-eighth are foreign-born.

MATT M. The total number of newspapers in the United States are 5,871, with a circulation of 20,842,475. On this circulation the increase has been 45 per cent in one year. In New York there are 833 papers, with a circulation of 7,561,497, being more than one-third the total circulation of all papers in this country. The religious papers number 487, having a circulation of 4,761,358.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.











"If you say that I must take it, I can not do else than obey you," the girl replied, humbly. "Put it in your pocket then, right away," he said, and she obeyed him even with the word. "That's right," he exclaimed, patting her head. "Ah, Mary, if I had had a girl like you by my side when I first began my life, I think that it would have made a different man of me. And that reminds me, my dear, there's something that I want to speak to you about."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"MARRY HIM."

"Yes?" and Mary looked up in his face, as if to ask what that something was. "That young girl that was here just now—'" "Chocolate?" said Mary, as he paused. "Chocolate! Is that her name?" "No; her name is Mary, the same as my own; Mary Croftin, but Chocolate is her nickname." "Ah, yes, I understand," Blaine said. "You need not fear!" Mary exclaimed, hastily. "She gave me her promise before she went out that she would not tell anybody. She suspected there was some one concealed here."

"From what I overheard of the conversation between you two, I judged she had no suspicion that the person whom she guessed was concealed here was the escaped convict that the police were in search of."

"But she thought that the person was your lover?"

"Yes."

"I thought so," and then John Blaine was silent for a few minutes, evidently reflecting. "Mary, I overheard some part of the conversation," he said, suddenly; "and one sentence that the girl spoke I do not exactly understand."

"What was that?" Mary asked, vainly trying to remember what Chocolate had said.

"It was just after you got before the door and prevented her from coming in the bedroom. She reproached you with not acting rightly with her, and then added that you had not acted rightly with some one else either."

"A crimson blush flooded the girl's face, and in confusion she bent down her head. Blaine's keen eyes instantly read there a confirmation of the suspicion which the outspoken declaration of Chocolate had created in his mind."

"Passing his hand under the girl's chin, he lifted up her head so that he could look into her eyes, but the white lids, tightly closed, hid the gray-blue orbs from sight."

"So, so!" he ejaculated, meaningly; "my little girl has a lover, eh?" and then he released his hold upon the chin, and the shapely head sunk down again.

"Come, Mary, tell the truth," he said, coaxingly; "though I know I hardly need to say that, for I am sure if you speak you will tell nothing but the truth. I am not at all vexed about it; why should I be? You are human, right in the spring of life, and with the warm blood of youth leaping lightly in your veins. It would be a miracle, indeed, if you should not find some one to love. I do not expect that the blight of my existence is to hang forever over your life. It would be better for you if you would forget that the world holds, or ever did hold, such a man as John Blaine."

"I would rather not speak," she said, slowly, her eyes downcast to the ground.

"My dear Mary, you must speak," he replied, firmly. "It is my right to know all the particulars of the affair. Who is the man—what's his name?"

"Carlisle Stewart," she replied, in a voice but little above a whisper.

"And who is he? Is he rich or poor?"

"Very rich, Chocolate says."

"Ah, that's good!" and John Blaine rubbed his hands together gleefully. "And he loves you, eh?"

"He says so," she murmured, softly.

"And you love him?"

"Yes—I could not help it, and yet I struggled so long against it," she rejoined, low and plaintively.

"Why should you try to help it?" Blaine demanded.

"I—I thought of you," she murmured.

"You little goose!" he exclaimed; "John Blaine has been as one dead to you for years; but for this accidental meeting to-night, it is possible that you should never have encountered each other. But, to return to your lover. Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"And you accepted?" Blaine exclaimed, perfectly satisfied that he had guessed the truth.

"No," he told him that I could not marry him," the girl said, slowly.

"The deuce you did?" he cried, in astonishment; "and why did you make that answer?"

"I knew that you were alive; and I had a presentiment that I should see you soon."

"My dear Mary, this is worse than childish folly," he protested, impatiently; "I am not asking you to marry me now, nor you to me. Forget the past entirely; marry this man; he will make you happy. I will never trouble you. Only two persons in the world know the relationship existing between us, and those two are Mary Martin and John Blaine. I shall never speak of it, and you surely are wise enough to keep your own counsel. Come, you'll marry this fellow, won't you?" he asked, coaxingly.

"The girl shook her head."

"And why not?"

"I would not deceive the man who loves me," she replied, firmly.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, fretfully, and an expression of vexation passed over his face; "you need not deceive him; all that you need to do is to hold your tongue. I will not speak, and no one else can besides yourself."

The girl shook her head, but did not reply. Blaine looked in the quiet face for a few minutes, and what he read there plainly revealed to him that no words of his would be powerful enough to alter the determination of the girl. The escaped felon had had some little experience with womanhood during his sojourn on earth, and had fully learned, long years before, how fruitless it was to attempt, by argument, to change a woman's will.

out of the city. There is no danger of their searching for him here again. Do you think that you can arrange so that I can remain here for five or six days?"

"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.

"Mary—that's Chocolate, that smart little thing, that was in here a little while ago?" he said.

"Yes."

"I can take possession of this room here," and Blaine pointed to the inner apartment. "The door can be kept closed, and no one except your room-mate will think that there is any one here. I suppose Chocolate occupies the room with you?"

Mary nodded assent.

"I judged so from what I overheard of the conversation between you two. There is no need, you know, to tell the girl the exact truth about the matter," he said, thoughtfully.

"She is not at home at all in the daytime," Mary said; "she works down town—goes away in the morning and does not get home till night."

"That is good. She thinks that I am your lover, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Well, let her keep in that idea," Blaine remarked, reflectively; "I look too young to pass for your father, if by accident she should happen to catch a glimpse at me; and I am sure that she would not believe that I am your brother. The only brother is the reason for my remaining concealed here, for she is too sharp not to suspect something unless you give her a reasonable explanation. I have an idea!" he exclaimed, after a moment's thought; "you can tell her I was concerned in the disturbance down in New Orleans, and am afraid of an arrest by the military authorities. That will not seem like a crime to her."

And the escaped convict laughed as lightly as though a human bloodhound was not tracking his steps with relentless hate.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 167.)

The Broken Ring.

BY MARCO O. ROLFE.

"CAPTAIN WILDE is a gentleman, and I will not listen longer to any thing you may choose to say to the contrary."

The blue eyes, usually dancing with mischief and merriment, flashed a little angry glance at Charley Harper, and Nellie Noyes turned away as if to enter the house.

"Stay, Nellie!" pleaded Charley. "Captain Wilde is a bad man, and I doubt very much whether he is entitled to the rank he assumes. At least, allow me to prove to you the truth of what I have said. I do not ask for your love again. You have imagined that dashing, handsome villain more worthy his possession than me. I don't want him to wrong you!"

"Captain Wilde is a gentleman, and is entitled to the rank he lays claim to, and his crippled limb would be sufficient proof of the same to one not blinded by prejudice and envy. Good-afternoon, Mr. Harper."

They parted thus. It was their first quarrel. For nearly a year they had been betrothed, and had not Captain Wilde come between them, they would have lived happily on in the old way. He came from the city, and was supposed to be wealthy; but whether or not such was really the case, could only be seen by the lavish way in which he expended his money, of which he evidently had an unfailing supply. He was witty and accomplished, and with his halting step and pallid, almost melancholy face, he was the very man, above all others, to interest a romantic little dame like our heroine; and Nellie had passed but a little time in his society before, almost unconsciously to herself, she began to draw mental contrasts between him and Charley Harper, her faithful and true-hearted, though less elegant lover, not particularly complimentary to the latter.

That night, as Nellie stood by the old gate at the rear of the garden, she heard the sound of footsteps, and a moment later Captain Wilde stood beside her, his arm encircling her waist and his stately head bowed as he imprinted a passionate kiss on her lips. He raised her soft little hand, and while it nestled tremulously in his own, slipped a slender circlet of gold on her finger.

A curious, costly ornament was this betrothal ring of Captain Wilde's. It was a magnificent diamond.

She drew it from her finger, and held it where the subdued light of the waning moon fell upon the sparkling jewel, and on the inner surface of the golden band she saw a curious monogram, formed of the letters M and W.

"My mother's initials," the captain said, carelessly.

"How beautiful!" Nellie exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"The toy is very pretty, darling," was the soft rejoinder. "Business of the most vital importance renders it necessary that I should go to the city to-morrow, to be absent a month at least. Have you not some token, some keepsake, that I may have to cherish for your own dear sake when I am far away?"

A little locket containing her portrait was suspended from her neck by a slender, elegantly wrought golden chain. She unclasped it and placed it in his hand.

He kissed her again and went away, triumphing in his wicked heart over his easily achieved conquest.

He would write to her while he was away, and one day a letter was placed in her hand. Her heart beat faster for a moment; but one glance at the large, coarse envelope and struggling, almost illegible handwriting told her that it could not be from Captain Wilde. It was very brief, and written in the same irregular style as the superscription, Nellie deciphered it after a few moments' study.

"DEAR NELLIE:—My house was entered last night by a burglar, who shot me through the shoulder; and I am suffering greatly from the wound. Come to me immediately if you can, for I am all alone with the exception of a young girl who helps me about my household."

"Your affectionate aunt, JANET BROWN."

Thus it was that the letter read, and, in obedience to the request it conveyed, Nellie found herself seated in a railway carriage the following morning, going as rapidly as steam could carry her to her aunt Janet, whom she had not seen since she was a child.

The cars were crowded, and Nellie had to share her seat with a portly, plainly-dressed man of middle age, whose jolly face and twinkling gray eyes bespoke a jovial, good-natured temperament. He accosted her with a good-humored smile, and they chatted awhile, as passengers will, of the weather, the magazines and kindred topics, until he drew a newspaper from his pocket, and became so entirely engrossed in the printed sheet as to be utterly oblivious of things passing around him.

The hot atmosphere of the densely crowded car became so oppressive that Nellie tried to raise the window. It was immovable, and she turned toward her traveling companion. But he read on without heeding her unspoken

appeal, and, disliking to disturb him, she again attempted the task unaided. Nellie succeeded at last, but the spring was broken, and the heavy frame fell with crushing force on the fingers of her left hand; and she gave utterance to a stifled cry, that awakened the jolly-faced traveler from a deep slumber, into which he had been lulled by the sultry air and the easy, monotonous motion of the train.

"Pardon me," he said. "I rode all last night. But you have met with an accident. Are you much hurt?"

"My hand is bruised," she replied; "and her pale face showed how great was the pain she suffered."

She drew off her glove, and as she did so something fell from it, jingling down on the floor at their feet. It was Captain Wilde's betrothal ring. Nellie's new friend picked it up in two pieces. It had been broken by the falling window, and its deep, cruel imprint was plainly visible on its wearer's finger.

An old lady at the other side of the car volunteered to bind up Nellie's hand in her handkerchief.

While this was being done, the man, now wide awake, was staring at the broken ring in an amazed sort of way, his twinkling, little gray eyes glistening with a shrewd triumph.

"Found?" he whispered, almost below his breath. "Found after two months' diligent search. I can not be mistaken. It is Marion Wayne's ring; but how came it in the possession of this young lady? That is a secret I have yet to discover."

Thinking the old lady for her kindness, Nellie turned toward the stranger, and met his keen eyes fixed on her face, as if he meant to read her very thoughts. It was not a common stare of curiosity or impudence, but a sharp, searching look, which was withdrawn in an instant, and the man said, cheerily:

"You look pale. Do you feel better?"

"Much better now, but—Oh, I have lost my ring!"

"Here it is; but it is broken," he said, as he dropped it in her little hand, eagerly outstretched to receive it. It is curiously wrought, and I should judge, very valuable. I have never seen but one like it. Where did you get it, if you do not think me impertinent?"

"It is a present from a very dear friend."

"From a very dear friend?" he said, repeating her words after her.

"Yes," she replied. "Is there any thing very strange in that?"

Paying no heed to her question, he went on: "Will you tell me the name of the friend who gave you that ring? Your brother, perhaps?"

"No; it was not my brother. I have no brother. I do not see how it can concern you, and I decline to answer." Again repeating her words.

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a little more spirit than was necessary, as she put the broken ring safely away in her portemonnaie.

"I hope you will pardon me. Perhaps I was intrusive."

The inquisitive stranger relapsed into silence, and was soon apparently as far gone into dream-land as before; but he was not sleeping. His busy mind was reviewing all the revolting details of a crime that had been committed in a distant city—the city to which he was now going—two months before. Since then, this man, keen of scent and untiring as a sleuth-hound, had been searching far and wide for the perpetrator of that crime, and now he thought he had discovered a clue.

Nellie arrived at her destination late in the afternoon, and found her aunt Janet looking very wan and tired, as she lay back among the pillows, with her wounded shoulder neatly bandaged in soft white cloths. She told her that she had been awaiting her the night of the burglary by sounds as of some one stepping stealthily about the next room. She was not a timid woman, and though alone in the house, save for the girl whom she had mentioned in her letter to Nellie, she arose and opened the door communicating with the adjoining apartment. The burglar was in the act of opening a casket in which she always kept all papers of value and what money she might chance to have on hand, and was interrupted by the sharp click of the door-latch. Turning suddenly, he saw her, and, taking quick aim, fired at her, a pistol-ball piercing her shoulder, as he ran across the room and leaped through an open window. She reeled and fell, and the man made his escape. The girl was aroused by the report, and coming to her assistance, found Miss Brown in a dead faint on the floor. When asked to describe the man, she said that he was lame and wore dark clothes. She did not think she would know his face if she saw it again. Her attorney, Mr. Duganne, had telegraphed to New York for a noted detective named Hart Cuffton, who was expected that night.

The lawyer came that evening, bringing the man-hunter with him; and great was Nellie's astonishment, when Cuffton was presented to her, at recognizing the man who had shared her seat that afternoon in the crowded railway carriage!

"To-day," said he, when the salutations were over, "you refused to tell me who gave you your diamond ring. Will you tell me now to whom you gave this?"

As the detective spoke, he drew a small gold locket from his bosom and placed it in Nellie's hand. It was the same she had given Captain Wilde that night, a month before, out by the garden gate. She flushed hotly, as she said:

"To Captain Wilde, my betrothed husband; but how did it come in your possession?"

"It was found outside, under the window," replied Cuffton, "where Captain Wilde, or John Munson—for that is his real name—dropped it as he escaped from the house, after shooting your aunt. Did he give you the ring?"

"Yes," faltered Nellie, too much frightened to say more. "Yes—Captain Wilde gave it to me."

"I hope you don't care much for him," said the lawyer; "for he is a villain of the worst character."

"But I do care for him! I care a great deal for him!" said Nellie, hesitatingly. "I have promised to become his wife. Surely there is some dreadful mistake!"

"There is no Captain Wilde!" repeated the detective. "There is a John Munson, and John Munson is a villain, and has a wife already! I will tell you where he got that ring! He stole it from the finger of a dead woman as she lay in her coffin, the night before her burial!"

Nellie recoiled in horror and would have spoken, had not Cuffton checked her with a wave of the hand; as he went on with his ghastly story:

"Reginald Wayne is a wealthy merchant of this city. All will remember the death of his daughter, the beautiful and accomplished Marion, two months ago. There are many who will remember, also, that the house of the bereaved merchant was entered and robbed of plate and articles of jewelry to the amount of several thousand dollars on the night before the funeral of the dead heiress. Not content with pillaging the house, the robber, in his fiendish lust for gold, took that ring from the

hand of the corpse. But he did not escape unseen. Charles Harper, a cousin of the dead girl, aroused from his sleep by a noise made by the burglar, entered the room just in time to put a pistol-ball through the ruffian's leg as he disappeared through the door. He was assisted away by accomplices; and has ever since walked with a peculiar hobbling gait. For two months I have been constantly searching for him; but in vain, until to-night, when I discovered him in this place, the scene of his crime, and caused his arrest. He is now in the city prison; and, having made a confession, I doubt if he sees the outside of stone walls for fifteen years."

"Is it true?" asked Nellie, when he had finished. "Is it all true, or have I been dreaming?"

"Only too true," said the lawyer, sympathetically.

"Then here is Marion Wayne's ring," she said, calmly. "I never want to see it again!"

She laid the broken ring on the table, close by Hart Cuffton's hand, and, without another word, swept out of the room.

It was a still, beautiful summer evening, and there was not a sound save the rustling of the green leaves overhead, and Nellie's hysterical sobs as she crouched down by the great gnarled apple tree out by the garden gate, weeping bitterly.

"He told me so; but I would not heed his warning. He said that dashing, handsome man, with his serpent tongue and fascinating ways, was a villain; but I scorned his love and despised his warning! Oh, Charley!"

There was a quick, eager step behind her.

"Nellie!"

"Oh, Charley!"

"Nellie! My own darling Nellie once more!"

And Charley's strong arms lifted her from her crouching posture, and something fell on her lips once—twice—three—something very like three kisses.

"Yes, Charley," she said, softly, "yours, if you will take me back again!"

One day there came to the prison a wan-looking little woman, with hollow cheeks and great sorrowful black eyes, wishing to see John Munson, who had been sentenced to solitary confinement for ten years.

"I am his wife," she said, and they let her pass.

An hour—two—three hours passed, and she did not come out.

Entering the convict's cell, they found them both dead!

An empty vial labeled "Poison" told the rest.

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE BALL.

THERE is a growing feeling of gratification among the amateurs in the metropolis—the home and birthplace of the present national game of base-ball—that with the closing of the only professional ball-field now left in the vicinity of New York, viz., the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, professional ball-playing, with its pool-selling and gambling influences, will become a thing of the past. When this event takes place then will the old era of amateur playing set in again. There are dozens of clubs waiting for the good time coming, ready to resume their places in the field the very first season they can do so without being considered as ranking among the clubs who have cared only for the game as a means of making money out of it. The only amateur club which still keep in play and still retain the recreative features of the old-time organizations is the Knickerbocker Club, of New York, who, on their private and inclosed ball-field at Hoboken, enjoy their practice games, as of old, every Tuesday and Friday afternoons. This club recently enjoyed a friendly contest with the Arlingtons on the old Union ball-field at Melrose, the "Knicks" winning by 26 to 25 only. This club and the Staten Island Base-Ball Association are the only two clubs that have a regular ball-field of their own.

The contests in the professional arena for the United States championship have progressed rapidly during the past two months. During April, nine games were played. In May the number had been increased to thirty-three, and June contributed no less than forty-two games, making a total for the first third of the season of eighty-four games.

THE RECORD FOR JUNE.

The following is the record of championship contests played during June:

June 2, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.....	6	0
June 2, Baltimore vs. Washington, at Baltimore.....	12	0
June 3, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	6	5
June 4, Boston vs. Resolute, at Waverly.....	13	5
June 5, Resolute vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.....	22	8
June 5, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.....	22	8
June 6, Boston vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	17	11
June 7, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	22	10
June 7, Boston vs. Washington, at Washington.....	28	10
June 7, Athletic vs. Resolute, at Philadelphia.....	14	4
June 8, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.....	8	7
June 8, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	23	8
June 9, Baltimore vs. Boston, at Baltimore.....	14	6
June 10, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	8	7
June 11, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.....	7	5
June 11, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	7	5
June 12, Boston vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	14	4
June 12, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia.....	10	8
June 13, Mutual vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	11	8
June 14, Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston.....	3	0
June 14, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia.....	16	9
June 15, Baltimore vs. Washington, at Washington.....	17	6
June 17, Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Boston.....	11	6
June 17, Baltimore vs. Resolute, at Baltimore.....	16	4
June 18, Atlantic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.....	13	13
June 18, Washington vs. Resolute, at Washington.....	7	5
June 19, Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Baltimore.....	10	2
June 19, Philadelphia vs. Resolute, at Philadelphia.....	12	10
June 20, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	6	7
June 20, Athletic vs. Washington, at Washington.....	19	18
June 21, Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Baltimore.....	18	5
June 21, Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	9	1
June 23, Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.....	33	8
June 23, Philadelphia vs. Washington, at Washington.....	23	7
June 25, Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	9	4
June 27, Baltimore vs. Maryland, at Baltimore.....	20	0
June 28, Atlantic vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn.....	20	0
June 30, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	27	17
June 30, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston.....	27	6
June 30, Baltimore vs. Maryland, at Baltimore.....	35	1

The record of games played, won and lost in the championship arena up to the close of June is as follows:

Club	Played	Won	Lost
Philadelphia.....	25	8	17
Boston.....	20	14	6
Athletic.....	19	13	7
Baltimore.....	19	7	12
Atlantic.....	21	5	16
Mutual.....	21	5	16
Washington.....	19	4	15
Resolute.....	15	1	14
Maryland.....	4	0	4

The close of the first third of the season sees quite a reduction in the number of clubs occupying a leading position in the great race for the pennant, for of the nine clubs which entered the arena in the latter part of April, but four occupy any thing like a winning position, and but six have the slightest chance of being within distance of the winning post by the close of October. The entries for the great race for the championship of the United States and the colors were as follows: Athletic, of Philadelphia, the "Blue Stockings;" Atlantic, of Brooklyn, the "Magenta;" Baltimore, of Baltimore, the "Yellow Stockings;" Boston, of Boston,

the "Red Stockings;" Philadelphia, of Philadelphia, the "White Stockings;" Resolute, of Elizabeth, the "Jersey Nine;" Washington, of Washington, the "Young's Nine;" and Maryland, of Baltimore, the "Smith's Nine."

Play was opened April 14th by the Washington and Maryland nines, at Baltimore, the latter winning easily. The Baltimore nine afterward defeated the Washingtons. On April 21st the Philadelphia opened their campaign by defeating the Athletics, and followed it up with a victory over the Boston, and the lead there obtained has been handsomely maintained thus far. Nine championship games were played in April, with an average score of sixteen runs to a match for the winning nines. In May thirty-three championship games were played, with the result of the reduction of the average from sixteen to nine, thus showing superior play in the field. During June forty-two games have been played, with an average of ten runs to a match for the winning nines, being a falling off in the fielding of one run to a match, this being caused by the use of a more classic ball.

The struggle now is between the White Stockings, of Philadelphia, and the "Reds," of Boston, these being the two leading nines in the arena. Thus far their record together has been as follows:

ty over the Bostons, and the lead there ob-  
l has been handsomely maintained thus  
Nine championship games were played in  
with an average score of sixteen runs to

The feature of the June contests was the victory of the Athletics over the Boston, in Boston, on June 14th, when the Philadelphia won by the appended score. The playing of the Athletics was hardly open to the slightest criticism, their errors, only two in number, not materially affecting the game. The playing of the Boston, too, was up to their standard of the present season, though, perhaps, a trifle below the standard of their last fortnight's playing. The striking was inferior on the part of both nines, the total of eight base hits being remarkable in the case of eighteen strikers of no mean average. In the second inning, Fisher earned his base, and was sent to third by a safe hit of Sutton, where he should have been stopped, but O'Rourke fumbled the ball, and a run was the consequence. Clapp then hit George Wright, who first fumbled it, and then threw it over Manning's head, giving the Athletics another run. In the seventh inning Fisher got in a safe hit, took second on a passed ball by White, went to third on Manning's wild throw to Barnes, and crossed the home-plate as the next man went out. The umpiring of Mr. Bomeisler was generally good, and in the only instance of palpable error of judgment neither party was ultimately benefited.

to nine, this showing superior play in the field. During June forty-two games have been played, with an average of ten runs to a game for the winning nines, being a falling off in the fielding of one run to a match, this being



## FLY-TIME.

BY JOE JON, JR.

The melancholy days have come,  
The meanness of the year,  
When buzzings all about the house  
Proclaim the flies are here,  
And weakly human nature has  
A tendency to sneer.

To flies the lach-string's always out,  
They bring their baggage, too,  
They come to spend the summer here,  
A speculating crew,  
And oh, the meanest thing to boot  
Is they will never "shoo."

The fly is never prone to fly  
As the flea is prone to fly,  
The fly will never seek the flea  
Or to low quarters fly.  
One of the few the immortal poets  
That was not born to die.

They cluster round your choicest wine,  
Perch on your goblet's rim,  
While half a dozen of them plunge  
Into it for a swim,  
Neglecting to hang up their clothes  
Upon a hickory limb.

You take an after-dinner nap  
And in your face they crawl,  
They dance a horrid jig on your nose,  
And in your ear they squall,  
And yet to try to speak them  
Is to lose any case at all!

You try to write you love a line  
Upon a postcard,  
(Since love is dear, and postage cheap  
A cent's worth of regard),  
But flies more fast than fancy comes,  
Your vows you disregard.

They take the place of raisins in  
Your very choicest cake,  
They greet you as the sun is up  
Your morning nap to break,  
And naught like peace and pleasantness  
Can follow in their wake.

Oh, boy, to whom the story-books  
Have done injustice long,  
For pulling arms and legs of flies,  
I assure you were not wrong,  
And think you had a master mind,  
And well deserve a song!

## Strange Stories.

## THE LUCK OF MUNCASTER.

A LEGEND OF MERIE ENGLAND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

The castle of Lord Lowther frowned down upon the Esk's broad tide; and by the castle was the far-famed well of Lowther. A holy monk of great renown had blessed the limpid waters in days long gone by, when Lowther's lord had fallen by the payn's hand on the plains of Palestine, fighting for the Blessed Cross. No water in all border Cumberland had water so bright and clear.

By the well, in the clear twilight, stood Margaret of Lonsdale, proud Lowther's daughter, the prettiest maid for many a broad mile around. Brown as hazel nuts her eyes and hair; the lily and the rose blended in her cheeks. And by the side of the maid stood William, lord of Liddesdale, a border chieftain born before the Tweed, but, for reckless word and hasty blow, he was an outlaw from his native land, and drew his sword for the red cross of England instead of the thistle of Scotland.

A man of hasty deeds was the dark lord of Liddesdale, uncertain friend and cruel enemy. The charger of the knight stood near at hand. Liddesdale had just dismounted and surprised the maiden wrapped in deep reflection by the side of the crystal well.

"Welcome, Lord William," she said, with courtly grace; "whence come you?"

"From merrie Carlisle," he answered, pointing to where the far distant towers of the English castle kept watch and ward over the Scottish border. "I have come to see you, and to see the lance of England, and from the donjon towers of Carlisle we keep good watch that Scottish Douglas does not surprise us with his border warriors."

"And who commands at Carlisle Castle?" the maiden asked, and, as she put the question, a conscious blush stole over her face.

"Sir John, of Pennington, lord of Muncaster," the knight answered, and his brows grew darker as he watched the lady's face. Full well he knew that passing rumor had whispered that gallant young Sir John was the favored squire of Lowther's daughter, and the thought was as bitter gall to the renegade knight, for he, too, sought to win the love of the flower of Cumberland.

On bended knee and with earnest word he told his passion and besought the lady fair and bright to smile approval on his suit.

"I may not, Sir William," she answered, slowly, and with many a blush, "for I am the pledged wife of the Muncaster's lord."

Quickly to his feet sprung the dark-browed Scot, and the angry words that came from his lips told of the gay lord of Pennington.

But the lady only smiled.

"Sorrow and dire mischance ne'er to Pennington's heir can come, till the blessed cup, which once in the Holy Sepulcher did rest, the Luck of Muncaster, is shattered and broken. The Douglas, proud with all the flower of Scotland's knights, may circle round the towers of merrie Carlisle, but the towers they ne'er will win while Sir John commands the English force and the charmed cup is safe from harm." Thus spoke fair Margaret.

Much the Scot marvelled to hear, and with a lowering brow, he besought the lady to relate the story of the Luck of Muncaster.

Brief was the tale, and soon she told it. Hapless Henry, the sixth of that name, flying from the bloody field of Tontown, where stout Warwick, "the king-maker," as men termed him, had trampled to the earth the white rose of Lancaster, and planted the red one in a kingly crown, had sought and received concealment in Muncaster Castle. For the boon he had bestowed on Pennington's lord a curiously wrought glass cup, all studded o'er with golden spots, and pronounced the charm: "In Muncaster Castle good luck shall be till the charmed cup is broken."

For a hundred years the charm had held. No lord of Pennington had ever been vanquished on the stricken field, or heard the cruel answer, "no," coming from a fair maiden's lips.

"And this is the Luck of Muncaster?" the Scot cried, as he vaulted him to the saddle. "I'll wager all that I have on earth that it will not last another hundred years." And then away he rode, straight for Carlisle towers.

"Now rouse ye, Pennington!" he said, as he drew rein at Carlisle's gates. "Douglas, with a mighty force of Scottish spears, is swooping down straight for thy tower of Muncaster; a thousand spears he leads; either gather up thy knights to give him battle or dispatch some trusty messenger to remove thy prized treasure."

Then gay Sir John drew the false Scot to one side.

"Small treasure have I in my ancestral hall," he said; "but one small jewel in an oak case I prize. Take this key; it opens the chest where it is hid. Direct my steward to make no resistance to stern Douglas; for the tower can not be held against his force, and I would not peril the life of my faithful servants for naught."

And thou bring the oaken chest to me, and I will hold thee as a dear friend forever." And ere the bat had winged his second night across the sable curtain of the night, the dark-browed lord of Liddesdale had done the message of the gay Sir John.

And when the moon peeped out, its rays fell full upon the dark figure of the mail-clad Scot, riding toward Carlisle town, the oaken chest which contained the blessed cup, the "Luck of Muncaster," clasped beneath his arm.

As the midnight bell rung clear on the air, he halted before the gates of merrie Carlisle.

Along the northern skies the flames of the lucid watch-fires shone bright. From every hill-top tall the beacon fire told of the advance of stern Earl Douglas and the Scottish power.

"Now by my lady's lips, I swear thou art the truest friend that ever warrior had!" gay Sir John cried in glee, as watching alone before the castle gates, he looked upon dark Liddesdale's face.

"Swear not by the lips of her you love, for you ne'er shall touch them more!" cried the fiery Scot, in savage triumph high. "Douglas rides not 'gainst Muncaster tower, but straight for merrie Carlisle. See, I hold in my hands the precious charm that binds good luck to thee and thine! Thus I dash it down to earth. Douglas shall win Carlisle's town, and I the Lady Margaret!"

With a sudden shock the oaken chest came to the ground, straight before Pennington's feet.

"Lie there!" the traitor cried; "proud Muncaster's charm is broken!"

His spurs to his horse he put and dashed down the slope, while gay Sir John sunk low beside the ruined charm.

Into the castle his trusty followers carried both the knight and the oaken chest. They reck little that the charm had fled, and the Luck of Muncaster was gone forever.

With the daylight came the Scottish lances a thousand strong, commanded by James, Douglas' stern earl, and in the foremost rank, guiding the march, rode William of Liddesdale.

Gay Sir John no longer was worthy of that title; he fought as fights a man around whose neck the halter twines.

Vain was the struggle; foot by foot, the Scots won the town, and before the sun sunk, they held the key to England—merrie Carlisle.

The citadel alone held out, but a dangerous breach was in the wall, and already the Scots were swarming to the attack.

In vain desperation Sir John seized the oaken chest; he meant to fling it in among the foe, and following it, find a soldier's death.

"Oh, miracle! the lid came open in his hand, and there, unharmed, lay the crystal cup, that a traitor's malice had not even dented.

And even as he gazed upon the cup, the war-cry of England and Percy rose on the air. Help had come! two thousand horse and foot, veteran soldiers, Earl Percy led to the rescue.

A cloth-yard shaft, tipped with a gray-geese feather pierced dark Liddesdale through and through, and Douglas stout retreated in sore haste.

Gay Sir John wedded the Lady Margaret, for Muncaster's Luck was constant still, and the crystal charm had ne'er been broken.

## A Work of Grace.

BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

"You're going to church this morning, aren't you?" asked Ned Carr, as his cousin from the city came in from a walk in the pleasant Sunday quiet which wrapped the country in.

"Of course," answered Clark Maynard. "I'm bound to play propriety this summer, if I'm to stay here, and I suppose it wouldn't be proper to stay away from church. But I don't anticipate much benefit from the sermon, though. I have a very vivid recollection of Elder Green's sixtieths and seventieths, and drawing words. I always used to get sleepy when I listened to him, and I don't suppose the old gentleman has improved much since."

"Oh, we have a new minister!" said Ned. "Pison Green," as they used to call him, gave up preaching some years ago, on account of his poor health, and the Rev. Mr. Hayford was engaged to fill his place. A very different man from Elder Green. I assure you, and he has one of the prettiest daughters that a minister ever had. Blue eyes, yellow hair, red cheeks—oh! I can't begin to describe her to you. You must go to church for the sake of seeing her, if nothing more."

"I'm ready to be interested in all the pretty girls," answered Clark. "I always had an idea that if I ever got to be one of the candidates for heaven, a pretty girl must convert me."

"What you need is a work of grace," said Ned, laughing. "Miss Hayford's name is Grace. If she could get at your heart, you'd shortly meet with a change."

"A work of grace shed abroad in the heart," quoted Clark. "I can remember hearing some one use those words at a prayer-meeting that summer I stayed here."

They strolled off across the green fields to the church. A group of young people were chatting on the steps. Clark looked about for some one who answered to Ned's description of the minister's daughter, but failed to find her.

They went in presently. Just as they were seated, an elderly maiden with keen eyes, and a very prim appearance generally, passed their pew, followed by a young lady in white, with a profusion of yellow hair falling over her shoulders.

"Miss Hayford," whispered Ned. "The old lady is her aunt. She keeps house for them. Mrs. Hayford is dead."

Clark watched the young lady. By-and-by she turned her head and he caught a glimpse of her face. It was really beautiful, with dainty curves in it, and full of a soft, delicate color. Her eyes were blue, and full of clear lights, which could easily deepen into smiles.

"Isn't she lovely?" whispered Ned.

"Very," answered Clark. "You must manage to introduce me."

I am very much afraid that Clark's mind was not on the sermon as much as it ought to have been. His eyes were continually straying off toward the pew where the girl with the yellow hair was sitting.

"I wouldn't object to being converted by her," thought he.

At last services were over. Clark kept close to Ned, and on the church steps, by the luckiest chance in the world, he met the young lady and was introduced to her.

If he had admired her before, he fell in love with her on getting acquainted. He found it very easy to get on familiarly terms with her, and the little chat on the church steps made them very good friends indeed, considering the few minutes they had known each other.

Clark thought of nothing but Grace Hayford all the afternoon, and announced his intention to attend church that evening.

"You'll excuse me, I suppose," said Ned. "I've business another way, so I can't accompany you."

"Of course," answered Clark. "I shall probably see you and her at church." Ned laughed, and Clark set off by himself, sauntering slowly along the cool and pleasant highway. It might have been by chance, and it might not, but the road he selected led him by the parsonage, and a party of three persons came down the path and into the road as he came up.

"Good-evening, Mr. Maynard," said the soft voice of the minister's daughter, setting his heart in a flutter by its music. "Allow me to introduce you to my father, and my aunt, Miss Powers."

Clark shook hands with the minister and the maiden, and then the party walked slowly toward the church. Clark was a pleasant walk, but he could have enjoyed it more if there had been no one but the minister's daughter and himself.

"Are you a member of any church?" asked Miss Powers.

"I regret to say I am not," answered Clark.

"I am sorry," said Miss Powers. "In this day and age of the world a young man needs the influence of divine grace in his heart."

"I am aware of that," answered Clark, looking into the eyes of what seemed "divine Grace" to him. She looked up, met his glance, and blushed such a delightful color that Clark admired her more than ever.

"I am going to deliver a sermon on grace to-night," said the minister; "I hope it may contain some hints and suggestions which will help you to secure this grace which you acknowledge yourself to stand in need of."

"I hope so," fervently answered Clark; and again his eyes and those of the young girl met, and the swift flush came to her cheek, and she turned her face away in a shy confusion.

It seemed to Clark that every thing kept urging him on to secure grace that evening. The first hymn began:

"Oh, God! to thee of grace I sing;  
Accept a servant's vows;  
Thy grace, oh, give me, heavenly King,  
To keep and rule his house."

And then, after prayer, the minister read another one, beginning:

"Grace! 'tis a charming theme!"  
and the closing hymn, which was sung by the congregation, and in which Clark joined with commendable fervor, especially in the last verse, ended in this way:

"Thy wisdom give me, oh, my God,  
To wisely fill my place,  
Thy love give me, more and more,  
Oh give, oh give me grace."

Sometimes he thought he should have to laugh, but a sense of the "importance of the subject" restrained him.

When services were over he waited at the door until the grace for which such an ardent desire had sprung up in his heart, made her appearance. There were some low-spoken words, and then he walked off with her on his arm, feeling happy to know that he had temporary possession of the grace which he felt he needed.

"To keep and rule his house."

After that he called often at the parsonage. The only drawback to the enjoyment which he visited there always gave him, was Miss Powers. She seemed to have become impressed with the idea that it was her duty to convert him, and whenever she could she quoted her private religious authors to him, and gave him books to read, in which passages were marked. She was eminently a good woman, Clark hadn't a doubt, but she was terribly in the way sometimes. He was as anxious to secure grace as she was to have him, but she always happened in at the most inopportune moments, and after a month had gone by, he wasn't sure whether he could have grace "to keep and rule his house" or not.

One night he made up his mind, as he went up the parsonage steps, to find out.

Grace—the Grace he was after—was in the parlor.

She gave him one of her shy, sweet blushes, and then they sat down in the half-twilight, and there Clark told his story, and had a very low, sweet answer, and was referred to the minister for further instructions.

"Where is your father?" asked Clark, jubilant with happiness; "I must see him and talk with him. I want this matter entirely settled, you know, and all we want now is his consent."

And thereupon he kissed the minister's daughter several times, and she returned "the same with usury."

Just at that moment Miss Powers came in.

"Oh, aunt Harriet," cried Clark, "do you know where father is? Mr. Maynard is here; he wishes to see him."

"I think he is in his study," answered Miss Powers; "run up and see."

"I really hope you want to talk with my brother-in-law about the welfare of your soul," said Miss Powers, solemnly. "I have taken quite an interest in you, and would like to feel assured that there has been a work of grace shed abroad in your heart."

"There has," said Clark, with great assurance. "I wish to see your brother about it."

"Do you feel that your heart is changed?" questioned Miss Powers; "that divine grace has taken away your old heart and given you a new one?"

"Yes, I do," answered Clark; "you have explained it exactly; it has all been done by grace," he added, with a struggle to keep down his risibilities.

Just then steps were heard in the hall; Miss Powers slipped out of the room; she met her brother-in-law at the door.

"Mr. Maynard tells me he's met with a change," she whispered; "he thinks he's got a new heart. I'm very glad, for I've tried to do my duty by him, as a fellow-creature, and with a sigh of satisfaction she allowed the minister to pass into the room.

The reverend gentleman greeted his visitor warmly, and a little disingenuous conversation ensued, which was followed by a little silence.

"My sister-in-law tells me you have met with a change," said the minister, by and by. "I am truly glad to hear it. Can I be of any assistance to you, my dear young friend?"

"I want Grace," said Clark, resolved to have the matter done with as soon as possible. "If you are willing, I should be pleased to have you say so."

"It isn't for me to say any thing about it," said the minister, in some surprise. "Grace comes from the divine hand. Of course, I am anxious for you to have it, but the matter of your obtaining it doesn't rest with me; that depends upon yourself. Ask and ye shall receive."

"You're talking about one kind of grace, while I mean another," cried Clark; "I mean your daughter; may I have her?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the rather bewildered minister, light dawning upon his mind; "I thought, and so did Harriet, that you meant a very different kind of grace. So it's my Grace you want, is it?"

"Yes, sir," answered Clark; "she is willing; it all rests with you."

"I don't know as I have any objections, if she hasn't," said the minister.

And so Clark Maynard gained "Grace," who had "shed abroad" such a "work in his heart." She "keeps and rules his house," and he hasn't regretted that he took the minister's advice and "sought after grace diligently until he obtained possession."

## Tales of the Foothills.

## THE UNLUCKY PARTNER.

BY W. J. HAMILTON.

"THERE is no danger possible," said Gentleman Ned, the miner, as he sat with his chums near the blazing fire, "which a man will not dare who is a gold-seeker. If it were not so, how is it that so many of us risk our lives, year after year, in the same quest, danger from Indians, grizzlies, land-slides and road-agents, which we might shun by a quiet life in ranches in the cities? People with such an education as I have, make more money each year, in the common pursuits of everyday life, than I have made or ever shall make here. Then, why am I here?"

"Because you've got the gold-fever, and you've got it bad," replied Tom Eagle, laughing. "That's what's the matter."

Gentleman Ned, a handsome, stalwart young fellow, and a perfect mountain Hercules, returned his companion's laugh, and continued:

"Now, I'll give you a yarn, if you like to hear it. Buck Connors, get down to leeward. I never can stand it when you get between the wind and my nobility. The tobacco you smoke would turn the stomach of a Pejee Cannibal. Tom Burke, take your elbow out of my ribs, for they can't stand the strain. Light up, boys! I can always talk best when I am under a cloud."

We all assumed comfortable positions, and Ned began:

"It was my second year in the mines, '53 I think, and I was mining in the foothills back of Oregon Gulch. I had been in hard luck all through the season, and when the dry weather came, and there was no water to run sluices, I had just money enough to buy a mule and three months' provisions, and with these I started out prospecting. My partner was Jerry Fralick—Jerry is ranching on the Yuba now, and doing well—as unlucky a miner as ever turned dirt. He had just about as much money as I, and when we started out, we looked so ragged and forlorn that the boys told us to look out or the turkey buzzards would think we were carrion and go for us. I was too mad for fun, and I cursed them up and down hill, and swore that we would not come back until we had dust enough to buy up the entire diggings. They only laughed the more, and away we went, and stopped about sunset in a gulch, ten miles from camp. It was a likely place, and we tried the pans a little while before supper, but could not strike the color, and when we were crouching over the fire at night, I had to begin on Jerry."

"I know what the matter is, I said. 'I shall have no luck while I have a partner who is so cursed unlucky that gold will hide from him like a Digger Indian from a War Apache.'"

"I know I'm unlucky," Ned said, faintly, "and I almost wish I had not come out at all, if it is going to spoil your chances."

"I was mad enough to be a fool, and I kept on grumbling, as if the poor fellow was responsible for his luck, and I could see that his face took on a sad look as I talked. He was very much attached to me, and that, more than any thing else, was the reason why he had stuck to me so long, for in the first years of my mining I was a hard fellow to get along with—that I was willing to allow on account of my grumbling. But, he stood it so long and thought he might worry through another year. I was too mad to see that I was going too far, and went to sleep grumbling."

"Next day we were afoot early, traveled about twenty miles, and then made a camp and got out the pans again. But, it was no use; we never raised the color. I was more abusive than ever that night; and, at last, even Jerry could not stand it."

"See here, Ned," he said, at last; "you've no call to be so uppish about my luck. I can't stand this grumbling forever."

"You deserve it, and more," I said. "A man whose ill-luck follows not only himself but every one who has any thing to do with him, is not the man for me."

"Very well, Ned," he said. "Perhaps you won't be troubled with me much longer."

"I didn't say much more, for it had got through my thick head that Jerry would stand no more. I went to sleep, and when I awoke in the morning only one mule was cropping the short grass. In an instant I was on my feet, and found that my infernal foolishness had borne fruit. Jerry had packed up in the night and was gone, and here I was alone in the foothills, to work my own way."

"Boys, I felt mean. I knew that it was my own fault but I would not allow it yet, I was so mad at Jerry for deserting. But there was no help for it, and I rode on up the gulch about ten miles and made another camp, took down my pans and began to work up a slope for a 'pocket.' It was lonesome work, boys, and I began to miss old Jerry's good-natured gabble more than I would allow. I worked hard all day and got a good show for a pocket, but before I could work to the angle it came dark and I started back to camp, leaving my pans where they were. I took a short cut, for I knew the country and could cut off over half a mile by going this way, down the side of the gulch. When I was nearly to the bottom it was getting quite dark, and I jumped off a rock upon what looked like a bed of green grass, but to my surprise, I went in over my knees at the first jump. I laughed a little at my awkwardness, and tried to wade out of what I supposed was mud, but to my horror, my efforts to extricate one foot only forced the other deeper into the place."

I was in a quicksand! I don't need to tell you what that means, boys. Some of you have tried it and know that it is not pretty. I threw myself back and tried to get hold of the rock from which I had sprung, but it was no use. I could not reach it, and began to realize the fact that my quarrel with my unlucky partner had cost me my life."

"I began to cry out at the top of my voice, while I yet struggled to free myself, but I soon gave that up, for every effort only sunk me deeper in the quicksand. I began to despair of life, and shouted till I was hoarse. What would I not have given to see Jerry now, the man who had been my friend in many a trying hour? My fate was not the less bitter from the fact that I had driven away the friend who would have given me aid, but the effort was in vain; I was doomed!"

It was horrible to die in this way, so young, with the promise of a happy life before me. I shouted, screamed, and prayed almost in the same breath, and still that unseen monster was dragging me down. At last, as by a sort of inspiration, I gave a whistle which Jerry and I had agreed on in hours of danger. It went echoing down the gulch; and although I had no hope of hearing an answer, I listened a moment and gave it again, when, to my utter surprise and delight, the answer came back from the direction of my camp. My heart gave a great leap, and I whistled again, and directly after the beat of hoofs could be heard, and a man came dashing down the gulch, and stopped a few paces away.

"Whistle again, old boy!" cried a familiar voice; "let me know where you are."

"It was Jerry! No need to tell you that. In two minutes he had a double lariar under my arms, with the end fast to the pommel of the saddle, and dragged me out of the jaws of death. He had struck it rich, about three miles away, at a place which we had passed over, and came back to tell me, forgetting what I had done. Just as he got to my camp he heard my whistle, and came up at full speed. All I know is that I never grumbled at Jerry's luck again, for had he not struck it that day, my bones would lie at the bottom of the quicksand. We panned out ten thousand pieces in that gulch, and he bought a ranch with his share. I am going to him in the dry season."

## Beat Time's Notes.

SHOULD your clothes catch fire at the stove, or from a lamp explosion, don't lose your presence of mind; sit down calmly and collect your thoughts. If you have no bucket of water to throw over you, keep cool anyhow; take a drink of ice water, and use a fan; drop a polite note to the Superintendent of the Fire Department to send an engine up and put you out, or you will be dreadfully put out yourself. If the engine has to stop to have its wheels greased, and you find the weather about you is getting too warm, inquire the way to the nearest canal; measure the depth of it, and then jump in. Don't wait to strip off. What is left of the fire will be put out by this time. But, be sure you don't get excited.

SHOULD a wild beast take after you while going alone through some foreign wilderness, you would do well first to see what kind of an animal it is. Go back and examine it thoroughly; see if it has spots all over it; count them; see if any are missing; it will probably be a leopard; look at your pocket Natural History. Should it have a mane and be quite ferocious, you will find on calmly referring to your book, page 48, that it is a lion. Carefully examine its teeth and see how old it is: take your pocket-rule and measure its fangs; if they are four and one-half inches long it would be well to pack your valise and meditate a scamper.

PERHAPS you remember my umbrella! Well, it's none again—went off with another fellow, and from the way it don't come back, I think it is gone for good—or bad. But, I don't care much; it has always kept me in trouble. It never did stay at home, and I was obliged to keep a standing yearly "lost" advertisement in the papers ever since it was born. It never was home only in dry weather. If you would open that umbrella in the severest deluge and go immediately into a house, you could keep perfectly dry. There were more holes than umbrellas about it. Have you seen it? I will reward any man that don't bring it back.

It is with innumerable tears, diluted with bitterness, and many sighs of great depth, that I read those sorrowful descriptions of life, and almost death, that the worthy proprietors put into their medical almanacs for family entertainment. They boil over with the most soul-touching expressions of execrating tribulations of the heroes, who, in spite of all that seventeen doctors can't do, are on the point of giving themselves up and going down. This part of the story is very affecting, but, just in the nick of time they accidentally get hold of a bottle of it, and then I mop up my tears.

The Modocs are again at their sinful games. My Indian policy is plain and simple: it is simply this—I would take those Modocs and burn them. Now, I don't wish it inferred that I would hurt their feelings, or that I would do them the least injury by this, or give them a moment's pain. Not a particle. I would first humanely remove their heads before burning them, so they would not have to suffer one pang. I never like to be anyways cruel. My Indian policy is to take every Indian's poll-i-cy or I don't see: only take them.

I am ever hung (and I really expect to be some day, unless Congress abolishes peddlers) I would have only one dying request to